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THE SPHERE, SEPTEMBER 26, 1931
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The SPHERE

Vol. CXXVI. No. 1653 SEPT. 26, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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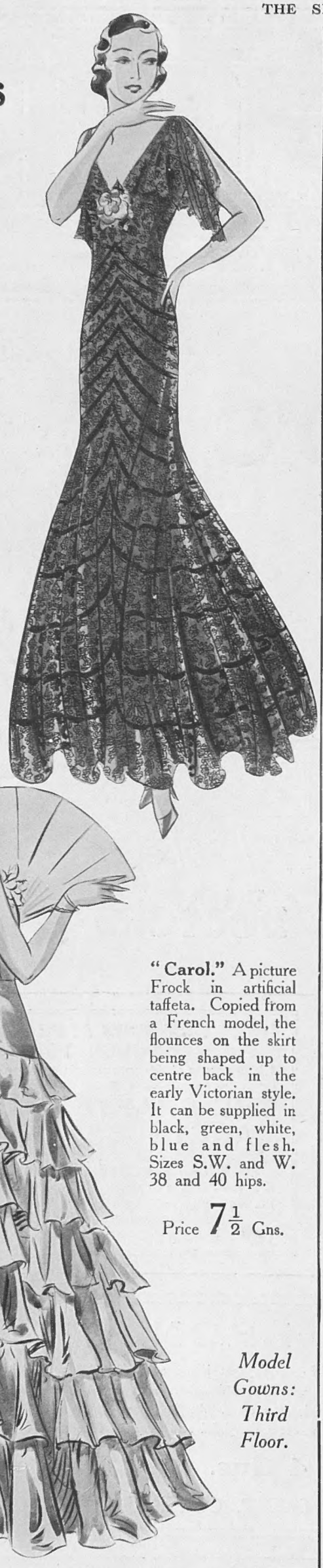

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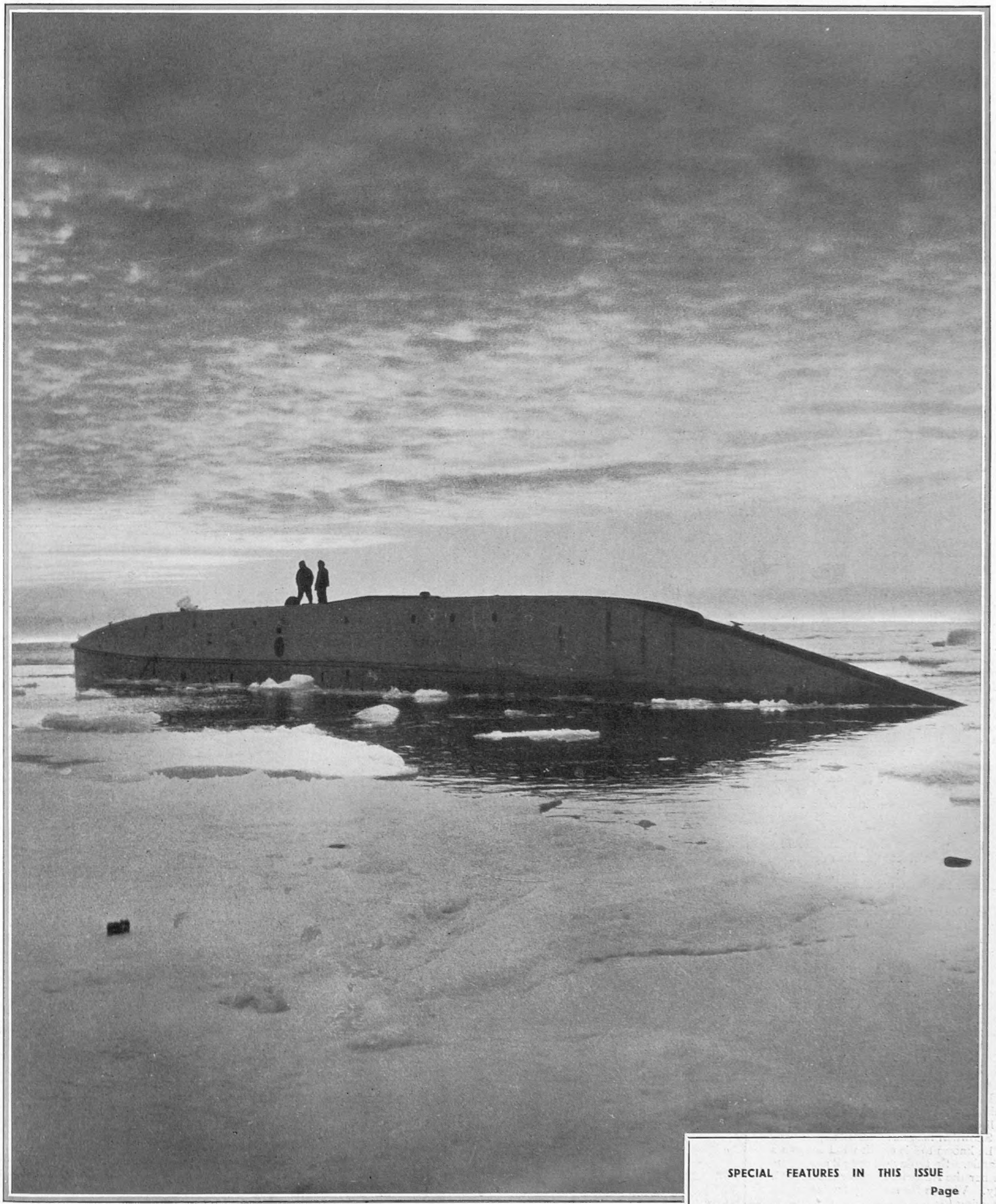


THE "NAUTILUS" IN ARCTIC ICE

The Vernesque Submarine has Returned to Bergen after her Initial Essay Beneath the Polar Floes

The voyage of the *Nautilus* in which Sir Hubert Wilkins travelled beneath the Arctic ice, ceased far short of the North Pole, but the expedition has the honour of being the first—of its kind—which ever burst into that silent sea which girdles the North Pole. It now appears that it was never anticipated by those who went that anything more than a preliminary voyage could be effected. The scientific results of the expedition are of the highest quality, and it may prove the forerunner of many such journeys

SPECIAL FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
The Nautilus	449
The Modern Navy	451
Gold	452
Yodlers	454
Cayenne Prison Island	456-7
The British Association	461
Englishry	462-3
Bremen architecture	465
China in the Deluge	466-7
The Breton Harvest	471
Garden Notes	478

A London Newsletter

THE KING HELD A COUNCIL at Balmoral at 4 o'clock last Monday afternoon

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, September 23, 1931

The Gold Standard.—"*Gold Standard Suspended—Official.*" That was the announcement which greeted us on Monday morning, and told us how our utterly overworked Premier spent one more restful week-end. The Gold Standard. Since Mr. Churchill's 1925 Budget speech this question has divided the experts on currency. Some said it was superb to return to the Gold Standard. Others that it was insane to return to it at all; *a fortiori*, to return on pre-war basis. Small wonder, then, that the morning's Press on Monday caused the man-in-the-street to tear his hair. *The Morning Post* urged him to be calm in the face of this terrible disaster. *The Daily Express* hailed the dawn of a new and glorious era of prosperity. *The Times* assured him that six months would see the end of our lapse from grace. *The Evening Standard* promised him there would be no return to that archaic shibboleth. *The Herald* assured him with a curious paradox that the insane Tory demand for an early General Election had brought about a loss of confidence in our credit which resulted in this suspension of the gold standard *and the best news possible for British industry!* Now, some of the matters discussed hereafter were set on paper before this new bombshell burst. Ought I to scrap what I have written about Tariffs, a General Election, and so forth? I cannot think so; I cannot hold that this suspension of a single clause, though it may benefit our export trade and automatically restrict imports, and though it must stop the drain of our last hundred millions of gold reserve, is in itself a substitute for economy or for a new policy of tariffs or control of imports, and on that or any other account is a stopper on a General Election before the year ends. Not yet can we say that the National Government has come round to inflation. We are right, just, and logical in believing (until officially corrected) and in declaring that the suspense is temporary and the Government's policy unaltered.

The General Election.—A National party at the next election by all means! And in my opinion the sooner the better. The accursed thing will hang over us like a shadow until it is accomplished. Our appeal to the country must be: a judicious system of tariffs, or, better, control of imports; more economies in every possible direction; the maintenance of British credit; the £ sterling; the gold reserve; and the ancient Constitution. For after all, in politics, nothing can ever be the same again. What indeed is a Liberal, now that Sir John Simon has spoken and Mr. Lloyd George has whispered certain admissions regarding the modification of his life-long principles of Free Trade. Mr. Snowden may be adamant in principle but he knows to his credit what the crisis demands. So to-day we are all adherents of either the National Party or the T.U.C. Party. We are for stability (or inflation), for sawing (or not sawing) off the branch we sit on. Every day has brought its proofs that the thinking millions of the Nation—whatever their party, creed, or class—have approved the tardy conversion of Mr. MacDonald and his National Government, heavy and painful as its results are, and deplore the hasty revolt of Mr. Henderson and his followers. I have not the smallest doubt that a general election now on these lines will give the National Party a much bigger majority in Parliament than sixty, and will give it authority to continue its policy to the goal of safety.

Tariff.—The "if" has been painlessly extracted from the word "Tariff" by the force of circumstance. A country which imports £70,000,000 of goods in excess of imports has in the end but one way to adjust the difference, to send out yellow gold. But if that adjustment implies in a single year reducing the available gold reserve by much more than half, it follows that there is no means of meeting the deficit the following year. In a word, in twenty months we should not have an ounce of gold left. So that when the Gold Standard was temporarily suspended, the tariff problem was within twenty months of solving itself by *reductio ad absurdum* or *ad nihil*. In these circumstances it seems very unlikely that some form of protective tariff can still rend the National Government into its component parties. It has ceased to be a question precedent to a General Election, and there is no reason at all why the tariff question in particular should shorten the life of the present Government. On the contrary, to judge by the reception accorded to any hint of protection in Parliament or public conclave, it would be jam to the Opposition, jam to the Conservatives, and a very jammy dose of mild Gregory to the most uncompromising Liberals and Mr. Snowden himself. To industry and the City it would go down like honey, whatever the ultimate effects of the spoonful. There is one shibboleth the fewer. But myself I would rather hear the subject considered under the label of control of imports.

Sailor Men.—With the trouble which recently arose and died down in the Navy, the "past is the past." The sailorman does not change his nature, and what he was in the past he is to-day. I was last week re-reading Clark Russell's *Wreck of the Grosvenor*, and in almost every chapter I came across words of wisdom which convinced me that if men who understood the soul of the sailorman as Clark Russell did had been at the head of affairs in the senior service of late that trouble would never have been. The British sailor of every age is and has been a child, in the simplicity of his nature, in the ease with which he may be guided and misguided, in the trust he reposes in leaders he knows. Let his own officer explain to him in advance in simple language what is required of him, and however hard the sacrifice, however grave the danger, he will cheerfully accept and face it. But leave things to filter through to him along the poisonous or heady channels of the inevitable grouser or sedition-monger, and honest Jack Tar will lap up the intoxicant and the poison. It is the old story—as true to-day as ever—which should never be forgotten by those who control the destinies of the Navy. Will authority never learn that lesson?

Isolation.—I am perpetually conscious of the isolation of the individual soul, even among persons surrounded perpetually by friends and relations. The pathos of the soul's solitude is never absent. I feel that pathos peculiarly strongly in the case of Gandhi. I think he need not fear hostile criticism from the Press. It is true we are always inclined to be funny for a while at the expense of persons who do not wear precisely the same pattern in hats, coats, and shoes as we ourselves. But our humour is not cruel, it is merely crude. The figure of Gandhi, indeed, excites almost universal pity in London to-day. His loneliness and isolation are so patent. I do not so much mean social isolation—for Gandhi has understanding friends and companions around him, and in London. I rather stress his mental isolation. His mandate, after all, is oblique and partial; the very subject of Indian Nationalism is inevitably if temporarily of minor importance to the average Englishman to-day; his aims are too remote from practical politics to demand exhaustive investigation at a conference concerned with hard material problems of the hour, and the instant needs of vitally opposed interests. There is no compromise in Gandhi's composition, and there is no hope of any practical issue from the Round Table Conference unless by compromise. Gandhi we may respect or misunderstand or even ignorantly hate. But the whole of England is united in pitying his political and mental isolation.

Slipped Through the Net.—I could wish that one big and one small fish had not apparently slipped through the great net. I look in vain for any evidence that domestic servants and the Lido luxury lizards are to realize their responsibilities as citizens and feel the pinch, as their less fortunate brethren are now to feel it. For these two classes have of late years enjoyed the most sheltered of lives. The lot of the domestic servant has continually improved since the War, and arrogance has sometimes kept pace with security. Wages have continually risen, work has continuously decreased, privileges have multiplied, and all sense of responsibility as citizen and elector has vanished. The thoughtful and unselfish employer can still enjoy the supreme blessing of a happy household of treasures beyond price. Elsewhere the domestic servant has become the tyrant and dictator of our social life, neither knowing nor wishing to learn the gravity of the country's plight, preoccupied principally with social distractions, secure of a livelihood, with money to spend on dress and pleasures, able to indulge the luxury of whims and changes. Retribution, however, is already coming obliquely. In a few months' time, those servants who are retained in good situations will learn once more the folly of hazarding safety for a mere whim. The books of the registries will be overflowing with applicants for jobs in domestic service. As for the luxury crew, those who, with money to burn and no responsibilities in the way of land ownership or employment of labour, have for two decades been the curse of this country, pouring British capital into the pockets of shrewd foreigners and greedy Dagos in the luxury restaurants and night clubs of London and at foreign pleasure resorts. I look round in vain for any adequate retribution for their selfishness and self-indulgence. I can conceive no entertainment tax justly distributed that does not levy for the State a huge percentage on supper and wine bills, on dance club subscriptions, and on any form of export of this vulgar and expensive article which is not permanent.

THE "HOUSE" CLOSED: Following the first Saturday opening of the Stock Exchange since 1917, it was closed on Monday and Tuesday to prevent "bear" raiding on sterling and British securities. Foreign *bourses*, with some exceptions, also closed out of sympathy with Britain's abolition of the Gold Standard. The £ dropped to a minimum of 17/1 (in Paris) on the fateful Monday

"Stooking."—The day of the battue is surely drawing to a close; the elaborately organized grouse drive may in a year or two be the rare luxury of a half dozen surviving millionaires (gross). I comfort myself with the thought that all the more on that account the man with a gun will be needed for years to come. Sitting in my "hide" of stooks in an oat field under the moor I comforted myself with this thought on my last day in the Highlands this autumn. Now the manner of stooking is thus: You mark down a field or two of stooked oats adjoining a bit of moor. You quietly walk round one edge of the moor against the field, and pick up a brace of lurking grouse. These you set up in a life-like manner with a crooked stake, as if feeding on the stooks. Then you build your hide, a three-sided butt of stooks, and lighting your pipe prepare for the fun. A pigeon comes over and seeing your grouse takes courage to descend. You bag him and set him up in turn.

The Fun Begins.—Then soon enough a single cock grouse comes winging in. You bag him (perhaps) and leave him where he is. And now, after a five-minute wait, your heart stops as you observe a dense cloud of grouse sailing across the field straight at your head, crowing like mad. Bang! Bang! So long as you keep in your hide, you will not scare the birds far. They are mad for the grain and will come and come again, offering you every kind of shot. Partridges and pigeons and perhaps an old black cock will vary the menu, and you wish that the sun would stand still. But alas! the shadows fall and your cartridges run short, and you rise and collect the bag. Eight brace of grouse, three or four pigeons, a brace of partridges, a black cock, a rabbit or two, and a blue hare. Feathered game you pack in your game bag, the furred you present to the farmer, to whom every bird you have killed means so much oats saved.

THE OLD STAGER.

PEOPLE in the NEWS

Politics, Industry, Science, and the Films

BANK OF ENGLAND: Sir Josiah Stamp, a director of the Bank of England, buys a newspaper on leaving a directors' meeting on the international aspects of the suspension of the Gold Standard

THE "HOUSE" CLOSED AGAIN: On last Monday the Stock Exchange was closed owing to the passing of the emergency legislation. On Tuesday it was closed to safeguard British securities

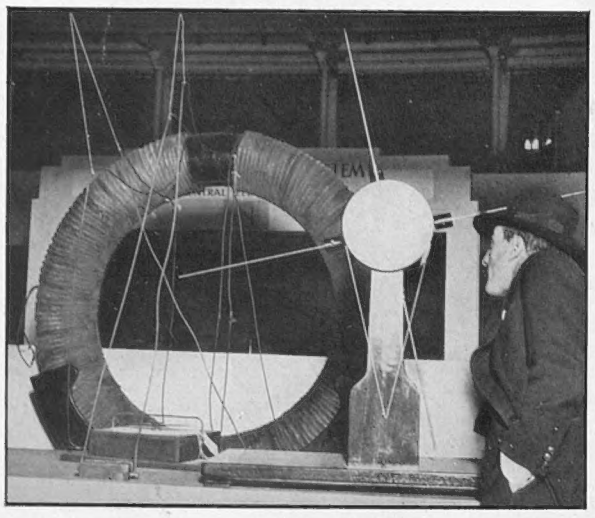
Douglas

LADY READING who was formerly Miss Stella Charnaud, Lord Reading's chief of staff

A POLITICAL FILM STAR: Miss Ishbel MacDonald has just starred in a film to be shown for charity. At the opening of a bazaar recently, Miss MacDonald remarked that lately she had been gagged and went on to observe that "industry is rapidly dying. If we had employed more people nationally, the sacrifices which are being made would have been more evenly distributed"

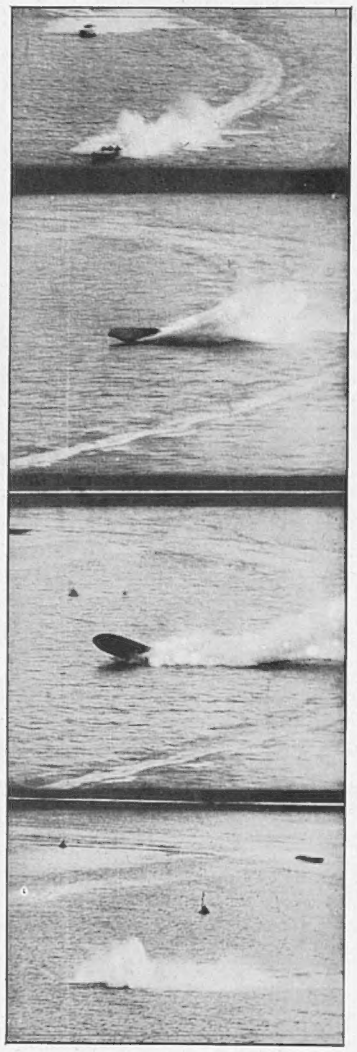
A FARADAY AT THE FARADAY CENTENARY: Mr. and Mrs. M. Faraday from Yorkshire. Mr. Faraday, a direct descendant of the inventor, arrives at the R.I.

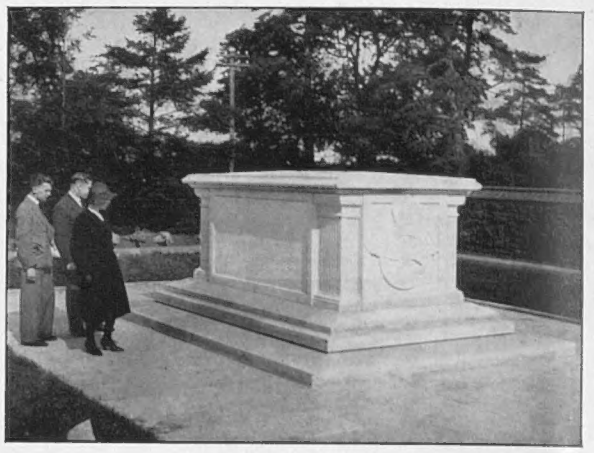
A STAR'S EYE VIEW! Mr. Jack Buchanan points out to his co-star in "Monte Carlo," Miss Jeannette MacDonald, who is making her first visit socially and professionally to London, the sights of the town from the roof of her hotel



THE FARADAY CENTENARY: *Three views taken in the Albert Hall.* On left *is a primitive coil;* in centre *is the largest lamp made in Britain—a 10 kilowatt used for light-houses and floodlighting aerodromes; and* on right *is a general impression of preparations in progress for the Exhibition which opened on Wednesday. The great feature of the Exhibition is the record of the fantastically rapid advance made by electricity; the century-old apparatus of a few strands of tarnished wire contrasting vividly with the up-to-date paraphernalia quite familiar to the man-in-the-street to-day*

SPEED BOAT: Miss England II, *piloted by Kaye Don, on her triumphant first heat. The authorities declared "No Contest" owing to the regrettable "incident" in the second heat; but the trophy remains in America as they held it previously*





R 101: *The altar tomb to the R 101 victims at Cardington. Two faces are occupied with the names of the dead. The inscription reads: "Here lie the bodies of the forty-eight officers and men who perished in H.M. airship* R 101 *at Beauvais, France, Oct. 5, 1930"*

FOREIGN SERVICE: *A detachment of the 2nd Gordon Highlanders give three cheers on leaving Waterloo, touched on their journey from Ireland to Landi Kotal, India*

TRAGEDY: *The record of the manner in which* Miss England II *capsized in heat two*

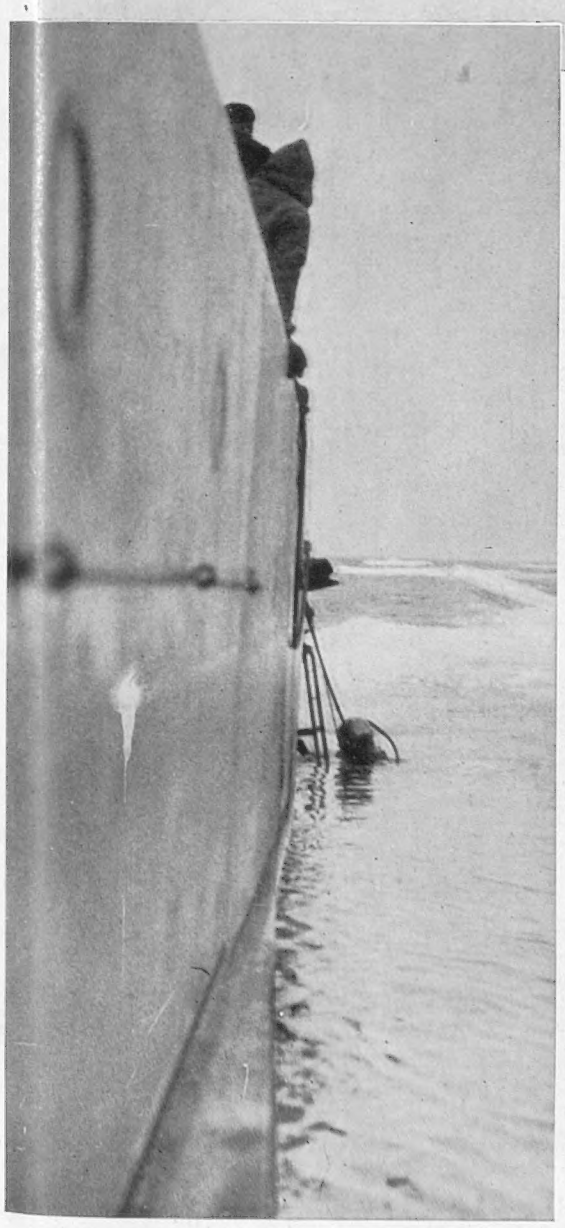
OUR DISTINGUISHED VISITOR: *Miss Jeanette MacDonald in the most* chic *of riding kit, mounts for a canter in the Row. She is to be seen at the Dominion*

THE SPHERE INVITATION GOLF MEETING: *This popular annual event, organized by Mr. J. E. Bewsher, the Advertisement Manager of "The Sphere," was this year held at Stoke Poges, last Tuesday. "The Sphere" Challenge Cup was won by Mr. Cameron Anderson (+ 1) with a net score of 73 (Bogey is 78). The second prize was won by Mr. W. L. J. S. Reynolds (11) with a net 77.* Above on left *are seen Messrs. W. J. Rand, F. Bennett, W. L. J. S. Reynolds, and Cameron Anderson; in centre are Brig.-General E. N. Tanay, and Mr. J. A. Dewar;* on right (from left to right) *Messrs. P. C. Burton, Alfred Pemberton, G. W. Barney, Major G. Harrison and Messrs. H. J. Jewell and A. J. Lewis. The afternoon events (4 ball bogey foursomes) were won by Messrs. W. L. J. S. Reynolds and W. J. Rand, 6 up on bogey; two couples tied for second place with 5 up. Splendid weather gave the finishing touch to a delightful day*

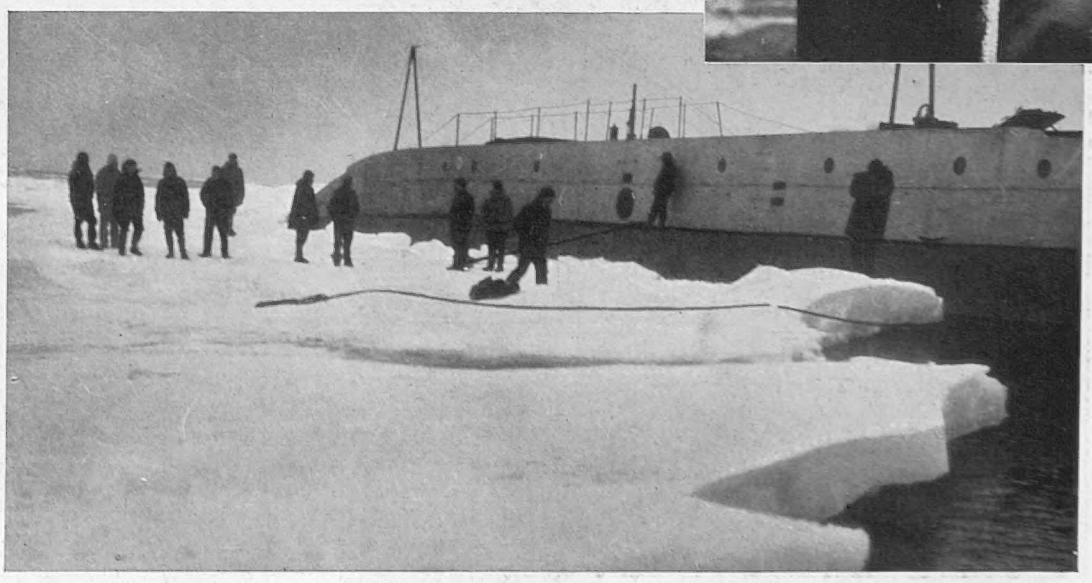
The *NAUTILUS* on the FRINGE of the ARCTIC

ON THE POLAR PACK-ICE: The "solitary steel whale," as the Nautilus *has been termed, muzzles the Arctic ice*

COMMUNICATION WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD: The wireless is set up. Below—*THE GANGWAY: Members of the expedition return to the ship*



A DIVER descends to examine the rudders



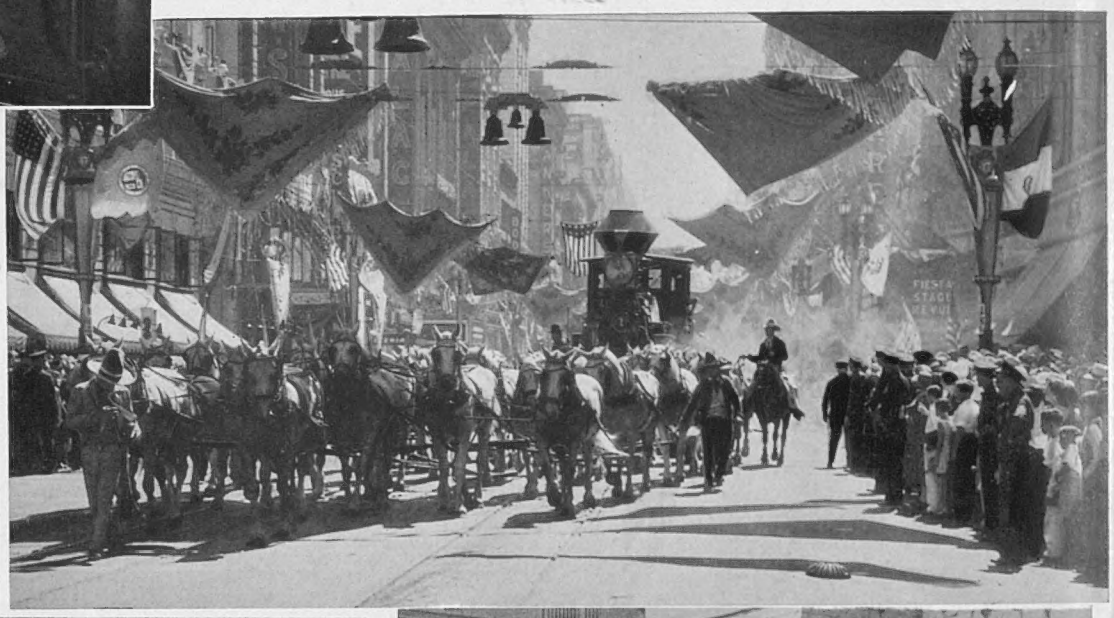
THE LANDING: The crew on Arctic ice. Inset *is the ice drill which bent and nearly broke under the strain*

We give on this page some of the first pictures received from the *Nautilus* Expedition to the North Polar Ice Pack. It is evident from a new book just published on the aims and objects of this expedition that there was no idea of getting to the Pole this season. It is to be presumed, therefore, that the organizers are satisfied with the tentative nature of the results of the *Nautilus's* first contact with Polar ice, and the experience gained in diving into the icy waters of the Arctic. These views give some idea of the adventurous character of the *Nautilus* expedition. This little steel whale looks very small among the huge expanses of the northern pack-ice. The vessel, it will be remembered, lost her diving rudder, and one of the views shows a diver descending to examine the state of the stern portion of the vessel when this loss became evident. It was, of course, an accident which jeopardised the safety of the whole expedition if she had attempted any prolonged penetration of the pack. As it was, a sufficiently daring first contact was made, and the vessel actually dived beneath the groaning and swirling pack. The vessel has now safely returned to northern waters, and it is foreshadowed that this vessel will not be used on a second expedition.

The ENDS of the EARTH—in PICTURES

HUNTERS OF THE WOOD TO TURN HUNTERS OF THE STREET: Two guides from Maine who, to help solve the gangster problem, joined (unofficially) the New York police

A "PATRIOTIC" OUTRAGE IN SEVILLE: Syndicalists in Spain were uncontrollably incensed at the fact that the telephone in Seville is in the hands of Americans, and as a protest wrecked the new Telephone Exchange H.Q., erected with U.S. capital with a bomb. Considerable damage was done in the vicinity of the imposing building



METAPHYSICAL HORSES: A stable of grotesque equine effigies used at the funerals of members of the Korean royal family. They are drawn by hand from Seoul, the capital, to the burial ground at Kimkokri, a distance of some thirty miles. They are regarded as a means of flight by which the souls of the royal dead are translated from this world to the next. *Inset above on left*—is the new U.S. Embassy in Berlin—the famous Blücher Palace which has just been bought for £375,000. It stands by the famous Brandenburg Tor. When sold by the Blüchers its price was paid in the paper marks that, shortly afterwards, became valueless

THE NEAPOLITAN MIRACLE: The vials, holding the blood of St. Januarius, borne through the crowds after its annual "liquefaction." It is regarded as an omen of prosperity if the miracle takes place quickly; if (as occurs on rare occasions) it fails to liquefy, it is regarded as a portent of disaster. The longer the inexplicable—or in any event unexplained—phenomenon takes to occur, the darker is the outlook for the current year. St. Januarius is the patron saint of Naples and the liquefaction of the blood has only once failed to materialize. *Above* is the first locomotive that ever entered Los Angeles, borne on a truck by thirty-two horses through the city during the transport festival in the Californian town

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LONDON — *A Forest of Steel*

THE STRAND: The whole of the old Hotel Cecil building having been razed to the ground, a new forest of steel has arisen on its site. The office buildings forming the Strand façade still stand. The new building is being erected for the Shell Mex Company. The steel work is by Messrs. Dorman, Long and Co., the distinguished constructional engineers

TRAFALGAR SQUARE: An uprush of steel girdering has been going on at the east side of Trafalgar Square. The old Golden Cross Hotel, the Union of South Africa building, and the Charing Cross Post Office have all vanished, to give place to a brand new block of buildings

WATERLOO BRIDGE: A towering mass of steel has, during the past few weeks, been rising from a steeply sloping site at Lancaster Place, on the north side of Waterloo Bridge. There will be entrances at the street level, and several floors will be reached from other entrances in Savoy Hill. The steel work in this case is by Dornays, of Welwyn Garden City

On left is the framework of the new Coach Station at Victoria, facing the Buckingham Palace Road

THE STRAND: A big block has recently disappeared on the north side of the Strand—it included part of the C.S.S.A. and the old "Lancet" offices, which were very characteristic of the Strand of a century or so ago. The new building is now well advanced

Tur-e-al-i-e-tee !

The YODLER *in full* SONG

Right: AGE IS NO BARRIER to effectual yodling for, as with singing, technique comes to replace natural exuberance

The Tyrolean and Bavarian national song has been the subject of a fascinating competition held in Traunstein, Bavaria, in which Swiss, Germans, and Austrians competed

YOUTH ALSO COMPETES—in the yodling contest, when shrill voices re-echo in haunting melody through the gorges of the Alps

CONCORD OF SWEET SOUND: It is not only in vocal, but also in instrumental music that the Tyroleans excel — as witness this lute-player

YODLING HARMONY: A group from the north of Tyrol

YET ANOTHER CHAMPION: A Bavarian contest held in the consumption of the famous Munich beer. There are many entrants for this event! An Englishman holds the St. Moritz Championship with 36 litres between sun-down and sun-up

The RIVER of MAGIC

A Trip up the Yukon, the Waterway of the Frozen North

Described by FREDERICK NIVEN

Here I am back from Yukon Territory (one of those Ends of the Earth, Outposts of Empire, and so forth), and it is as though Yukon were not real, a place I have but dreamed of. There is white magic there in summer-time.

One has no sooner dropped the lights of Vancouver astern, going north, than that magic begins. In the evening the portholes of the cream-painted dining-saloon were dazzling violet discs bound in brass. Islands, densely wooded, swam towards us and passed with their reflections, such islands as Captain James Cook made note of in his log, coming in from the Pacific, "that formed a beautiful prospect, as one vast forest." We put in at isolated Indian villages where the tall, carved totem-poles accentuated the sense of the exotic. We wound on among these islands that lie in ribands along that littoral, and took a turning up a long fjord to call upon a glacier. It blocked that inlet's end, a wall of blue-green ice that, as we lay there, cracked from time to time, sometimes with a report as of a rifle shot, sometimes with a thin rending as of a web of silk torn across.

We put in at a small town of precipitous streets clinging to a mountain side, the hum of a river echoing in its doorways, an odour of fish on its waterfront, and the buildings of a gold mine on the steep slope behind. There an eager old Russian (Russians were once the rulers there) led me to the unexpected museum and pointed out to me, in a glass case, a lamp carved in stone, with a little age-worn figure at one end, holding its crumbling hands to the place where the flame used to burn. It was found under a foot of earth near Knik, on Cook Inlet, some old Chinese talisman coins, to be seen also in that museum, lying beside it, a trinket or two, and the skeletons of those who owned these lovely things wherever, in ancient years, they came from. I could not bring the glacier home with me—nor the lamp. So I brought instead, for souvenirs, an Indian basket and a piece of polished mammoth ivory with the mellow tones of centuries in it. Looking at these now, home again, they seem to come from another world. The north has that effect upon most men. It does not seem true.

We twined on upon our way between the coast and islands, or between the islands, high mountains on either hand crowned with glaciers. Their draining torrents foamed down the slopes. Sometimes a wind would take one and flutter it out in a cobweb of silver. And so we came to Skagway, only four days out from Vancouver, where midnight is a silver noon.

To arrive at Skagway and turn back is, I realized, like knocking at a door and running away. I let the steamer go south without me. A narrow-gauge railway-track twines up a great funnel of the ranges northward, rivers brawling under its bridges. I went on by that train. The wilderness is on either hand there. You can see, mounting upward, a foot-wide scar on the slopes, made by the gold-seekers bound for the Klondike in the great excitement of '98. Scrub and rock-slide are trying to erase it, but so close did they climb, toe to heel, and so many were they, that it will be long before it is obliterated. We came snorting to a roof of the world where the lakes, along the shores of which the train rumbles, once darkened by the rafts and boats of the gold-seekers, are owned but by the ducks, as the empty lands on either side by the ptarmigan.

At a little town beside a mighty river the train stopped. We had arrived at Whitehorse, head of navigation on the Yukon River and 2,000 miles from the sea. It has its name from the white horses in the rapids of the river by which it stands. Tusks of mammoth ivory lean against the walls beside the stores; pelts of fox and mink and wolf hang in the doorways; flowers such as one sees farther south, but double the size, blaze in the gardens round the houses, a summer that has no night making them tall and vivid. Sledge-dogs, out of work for the summer, loaf in the streets. In reply to an enquiry whether, to balance this strangeness of a day without beginning or end, the winter is not woefully dark I was told, "No. The snow has its own brightness, and the northern lights play all the time." But winter, by all accounts, can be intensely cold there, albeit as strange as the summer.

There is a fascination in the great rivers of the world, Amazon flowing east, Congo flowing west, Mississippi flowing south, and assuredly a fascination is in this mighty river flowing north on its way to Behring Sea. So I went down river—to Dawson. It takes two days to go to Dawson from Whitehorse, and four to come back against the current. The inference to some is that the return journey must be boring; but the blazing fact for one who makes the voyage in the stately, white-painted, stern-wheel river-steamer is that we do not come up too slowly, but go down too quickly. Take for example the famous Five Finger Rapids, going and coming. On the way down someone says, "Well, we'll soon be at the rapids." You look ahead and see an expanse of polished water. Beyond are certain bastions like molars across the river. There seems ample time to stroll to your berth for the camera; but there is not. When you return the cliffs have suddenly decided to come to meet the boat. They are rushing towards it. We shall crash if they do not take care! We take care. Here's to the swift-water pilots! There is the opening, a cañon in the river. But it is all too quick to memorize detail. We are aware of a fern in a cranny waving agitatedly to us above a whirl of water billowing along the wall. There is a compressed roar, and we are through, by a piece of adroit navigation.

But coming up—that is a different matter. From the lower expanses we see the gaps on both sides, see the water foaming as we go forward and note, on the lower deck, the deck-hands clustering. The first officer standing beside them gives the river a thoughtful look. There is tensity down there on that deck, the tensity of men who know that soon they will have to face the music. They are, as soldiers, aware that an attack is planned and that soon there will be the zero hour. We seem to labour a little as we advance, heading for the gap on the right bank—our left coming up. We thrash with our sternwheel clear into the turbulence of that gap, it shouting its challenge to us. The pilot takes us close to the drenched cliffs. We are but a few feet from them. There we poise while a deck-hand, with a pole like a boat-hook, makes passes into the water. He is fishing for something; he is fishing, in fact, for a wire-rope that depends from the cliff, there. At last he catches it and his fellows spring to his assistance, lay hold of the pole with him. Where the other end of that cable is anchored we do not know. It drops down into the water and the question is left in abeyance. It does not want to be taken. Endowed with rebellious life it hauls the men to the deck's edge when they lay hold of it, tries to drag them overboard. That is a dreadful water-snake thrashing madly in the current.

REFLECTIONS: One of the exquisite sights of the Yukon. This picture was taken in Taku Arm, one of the head waters of the great waterway of the North, immortalized by the trail of '98

The first officer evidently shouts some words to the men—of encouragement belike; the roar of the river does not let his voice come up to us. And still, up in the wheel-house, the pilot holds her to the cliff-side, poised there. There is a full head of steam on and the mounting hiss of it answers, like a defiance, the clamour of the stream. In the bows the mate is down upon his knees as if he were making a genuflection, an obeisance, a propitiatory sign to the wild water. The wire-rope is dragged as far as to mid-deck and the mate is trying to slip it into the chocks beside him. Suddenly he rises; his mouth opens; but it is just a grimace—we cannot hear his shout, for the angry hullabaloo of Yukon kills it. Even the men close to him can hardly hear, so he makes movements in the air with a hand, beseeching them, in sign-language, to twist the slack of the captured snake round the winch. How can they, when it is again hauling them to the side? They lurch back and, as in desperation, refusing defeat, give it two twists round the winch and at once the mate's hand revolves in air urgently. The donkey-engine splutters, gets to work, the ship staggers, and we are away—the winch pulling us up by the rope, the sternwheel pushing us.

At once the pilot swings the vessel clear across the bellowing stream to the opposite cliff, only a cushion of water between us and it. Then we see where the other end of the cable is tethered—some hundreds of yards up river. It thrashes in the water, a snake enraged, but we have it. When the officer, rising to his feet, cups his hands to the draught of the cañon and lights a cigarette you take it as a sign that the battle goes well. Now and then he stamps upon the snake as it drips through the chocks. He even lifts a billet of wood and gives it a clout, for it is trying to slip away. But we *make the grade;* we climb that slope of water. We have had our way. The din of the river grows less deafening. The men let go in unison and the snake falls into its element, to lie there till another vessel coming up-river impresses it into service.

PULLED UP BY A CABLE: The stern-wheel steamer *White Horse* is pulled up Five Finger Rapids, a swirling and perilous passage on the Yukon, by a donkey-engine hoisting on a cable as well as by its propeller

About the first week of July the caribou keep their ancient and annual appointment with the Yukon, which they cross, as they do the Pelly and the Stewart, to their summer feeding grounds.

A blast upon the siren does not trouble them. The boat does not trouble them. You can see them, half-way across the majestic river, treading water to let the steamer go by, and then continuing their crossing, rising buoyant and strong over the wake. Or they put on speed to swim across the bow, then give up the attempt, drift alongside so close that you can note the colour of their eyes and see their nostrils dilating as they swim. . . .

If you hear it once you hear it a dozen times on the way: "The date? I don't know what the date is. I've *lost track* of the days." No wonder, with night only a name. The feeling is that one has come into a demesne touched with white magic. Only when you see, ahead, the scattered houses of Dawson on the bank and recognize, from many photographs, that dome behind with a scar of the old slide on its face, you waken from the daze, the magic and mystery and, looking at the calendar discover that, odd though it seems, it was but a week ago that you left Vancouver.

HUMAN INTO

BY FERD

THE HOME OF DREYFUS: The house in which the martyr to anti-Semitism and Treason spent nearly five years of hideous life on Devil's Island—one of the smallest of the French penal settlements

A proposal is afoot to shift the notorious penal colony of French Guiana to a remote island in the Indian Ocean depending from Madagascar. This would not be done from motives of humanity, nor because the existing sham effort to colonize with convicts has been a ghastly failure—you cannot expect to settle a country with men you have first shorn of every civilized attribute—but because present neighbours in South America have grown tired of being over-run with escaped criminals and are protesting. Time was when this scum labour was acceptable, even encouraged to escape. But the world slump has hit this trade in abject beings as it has most other things. The convict labour is no longer welcome—only in my morning paper I saw that Venezuela, hitherto a sure haven, had arrested eleven escaping convicts as they landed from their frail canoes. Whereupon, another protest. Still, whether anything will come of matters is extremely doubtful. All told, some 20,000 of the worst men in the world—made tragically worse by the method of their punishment than were the vast majority when they landed from France—nearly all eaten by disease, freely murderous at heart and sunk in the vilest vice, would have to be moved and re-established at considerable cost. Moreover, the existing settlement is well hedged in by graft, political, bureaucratic, commercial, and it would take a strong hand in Paris to dissolve it. When he was Premier in 1925, M. Herriot, becoming appalled at the process of converting man into beast which he found to be precisely the function of the colony, surprised his countrymen by announcing that he intended doing away with the settlement colony altogether; prisons should be built at home instead. And then, somehow, neither he nor anybody else said anything more about it. Nor has the subject been raised since in that form. Herriot had simply found he had bitten off far too much. A seventy-year-old institution such as Cayenne, blot on civilization as it may be, cannot so suddenly be suppressed, for it has become, as it were, part of the body corporate of the nation. Once a French penal colony did come to be suppressed. Under the Second Empire convicts used to be sent to the Polynesian group with Noumea as their centre. The men liked the place and proceeded to settle it, with the result that, when their number had reached 8,000, they announced they would suffer no more of their kind to be landed; they intended to make a good job of their compulsory home-from-home.

It was then that Paris thought of far less attractive Cayenne, since when some 70,000 convicts have been despatched across the south Atlantic. They still go at the rate of two shiploads or 1,300 a year, and this may be where contemporary France is errant. She might stop sending any more convicts and let the present hopelessly contaminated 20,000 gradually fade out, as they should do within ten to fifteen years, so high is the death rate. I should not be surprised if this notion were at the bottom of the Madagascar report, because without any doubt the frightful conditions of Cayenne are arousing against France serious prejudice. Only the other day an American raised £80,000 by wireless appeal throughout the U.S.A. with a view to succouring the convicts, though precisely how he proposes to do this is not clear, since the French authorities will naturally not take the money for such purpose and the convicts are not allowed to have any (save one category earning 4 sous a day).

Penal reform is in the air: the retribution we exact to-day—Big House—will almost certainly not be that of to-morrow. Whether further attempts will be made to colonize with convicts is open to doubt. One has to be so careful not to go to the other extreme and provide them with Noumean retreats of bliss. But so much is certain: never again shall the world witness such a shocking picture as Cayenne. I cannot write the half of it here; now unprintable, now too positively sickening, I have to prune, prune. Yet it is a picture which should be made known—accurately—so far as is possible, because it is only by publicity that countries are constrained to contemplate their own insufficiencies. Few like to be thought callous, cruel. The French undoubtedly have a cruel streak in them which makes them so fine in war—their insensitiveness to blood in street accidents will tell you legions—but they have also reached a stage of self-examination before the international searchlight.

REST WHERE THERE IS NO REST: A typical scene in a dormitory in one of the establishments off the Guiana coast. Here take place the most hideous scenes of depravity, culminating, sometimes, in the murder of one convict by another

I was plunged into this convict business several years ago when I spent three days on the Ile de Ré seeing the miserable ones off on their last journey; all about me, in café and on the quayside, was lore, lore, of *là-bas*—as all France knows the dread colony. *La Martinière* was sailing with 700 human beings in cages, and never shall I forget the last waving of a few relatives who had braved the shame of Ré and, supremely, the strident farewell of an apple-green transaction, lowest in the *cocotte* gamut, who alternately waved and cried to her man, "*Adieu, mon coco, adieu!*" and turned to the gendarmes about her with an "*Ah, les vaches!*"

Again, the other night, the picture of Cayenne came up before me as I sat chatting at dinner with a barrister, who that day had secured before the Privy Council the release of three escaped French convicts from being returned to Devil's Island (they had landed at Trinidad where our police get three dollars ahead for handing them over). Devil's Island became the table topic. "Are you sure it was Devil's Island?" I asked. "Well," replied my neighbour, "wherever they're sent to—it is Devil's Island, isn't it?" No, it isn't, and this shall be my point of departure, for clarity's sake. Loose writing has built up a misconception about Devil's Island. It is not the French penal settlement—or, rather, it is just about one thousandth part of it. Dreyfus's far-famed isle has never had more than twenty-five to thirty convicts on it, out of a grand total of over 20,000 *au bagne* in some form or another, and from its inception in 1894 until the outbreak of War it harboured, successively, just two living souls (with their warders), Dreyfus and Ullmo.

The convicts call it Black Rock, and we had better know it as Traitor's Rock, since nearly all its prisoners have been, and still are, men sentenced for treachery; the tiny coco-nut tree island—"one can smoke a cigarette while walking round it and still have a few puffs left"—is reserved for them and a very few other exceptionally difficult cases. The last to go there was the young Belgian Laperre, convicted only in 1928 of selling war-time secrets to Germany. His wife wanted to go with him. Among the others at present rotting on this scorching rock are half-a-dozen Greeks convicted as spies at Salonika, and one or two Spaniards, also similarly found guilty. And a round dozen French-born traitors who for some reason or another—usually telling something they knew—escaped a firing squad. Devil's Island is situate about twelve miles north of Cayenne, and three miles from the mainland. It is one of the Iles du Salut, the others being Royale and St. Joseph. Royale is the parent, administrative isle, and towers above the other two, located two or three hundred yards away on either side. Terrific currents, however, make it often a business of hours to row from one to the other, and requirements are usually transferred by cable. In these currents are the best warders grinning, upturned sharks, ever whirling. Ullmo, who lived absolutely alone for eight years on Devil's Island, without even a guardian, knew many of these sharks by name and they used to answer his call. They were the only things he had to speak to, "I had to talk. It reminded me I was man." The present generation doesn't know Ullmo. He was a young Jewish naval officer who liked opium at Toulon, and got in the toils of a gaudy dame called la Belle Lison to get money for whom he pocketed Staff secrets. That was 1908-9, and he should have done only five years on Devil's, but they overlooked him during the War and after, and so he did not set foot again on the mainland until 1923, nor would he have then but for his deciding to turn Catholic which interested the padre of Cayenne in his case. For eight years he has been earning 5d. a day in a shipping office, lodging with the padre. His family used to send him money until he renounced Jewry. On Devil's Ullmo was wont to sit for hours each day on Dreyfus's seat, looking

GOLGOTHA: The convict graveyard on the mainland sh h buried. On the islands the dead are given to the "e-pli cemetery that most convicts ass er

BEAST: A Frank Exposé of the Horrors of the French Penal Settlement off the Guiana Coast

D TUOHY

TRANSPORT: A scene on the only railway in French Guiana. The trains are driven by convicts and the steam on this primitive line is generated not by coal but by logs

in the direction of France, 4,000 miles away. But he, Ullmo, was guilty, and he determined never to earn a ad mark as part of reparation. When looking or a job, in 1923, a little girl gave him her hand. llmo broke down. Not for fifteen years had he elt what another hand was like. Ullmo is the ecord-breaker of *bagne*, a tribute to mind.

I shall trace here a rapid picture of the whole penal colony, and having begun with Devil's I shall nish with the island group prior to striking the ainland. On Devil's the men are free by day, nd those who are not too undermined cultivate ardens or make straw hats; at night they are cked up in a building on the summit. When they o mad—an Annamite went mad recently—they re removed to neighbouring St. Joseph, where the liots' cells witness scenes too awful to be described. iny St. Joseph is the worst of the lot. Here, also, re the solitary-confinement-in-darkness-cells for otheads and leaders, for those hauled back from veral escapes, for such as have just dodged the uillotine for crime committed *au agne*. (In passing, the convict who for years worked the uillotine, and was wont to pick p the heads of his fellows and ddress them farewell—Hesper the ackal he was called—finished on he guillotine himself, for murder. ncredible, were it not entered on he records, he sought and obtained rmission to prepare the machine or his own execution. But one nust be prepared for anything *au agne* where life, as lived, is simply ot human.)

The most notorious inhabitant f St. Joseph is an educated man, ne Rousseng, who got twenty ears for attacking an officer in his. When last heard from ousseng had nearly 4,000 days of litary confinement still to do. was then sane, and much pre-rred being alone to the bestial, enagerie promiscuity of the cages the mainland; that was why he liberately flouted the regulations. ery ten days they let him out r an hour to see the sun, else he ould have gone blind. He was en thirty-eight and told a visitor would finish in a shark. This ferred to the practice of bell ring-g when a convict is committed the sea, the shark knowing the ll well.

On Royale, the hub island, are, in addition to bad cases, convicts ho by their calling in civil life—aker, carpenter, mason, clerk—an keep the business of the cut-f group going. At night the en enter cages, twenty to a cage, here one of their ankles is slipped rough a ring attached to a bar. ut they mostly have a way of squeezing free and e to be seen playing cards by the light of a mp consisting of oil in a sardine box. How nvicts manage to come by things is a secret mong themselves. These men also have knives—metimes a man is found murdered in a cage

THE "TOWN" CRIER: An ex-convict who, after serving his sentence, remains in Guiana. Any man (women are no longer sentenced to Guiana) sentenced for more than eight years may never return to France wherever else he may go

perhaps because he has acted the *mouchard* or "ear" or *agent provocateur* for the warders—and nearly all have money secreted bewilderingly away for the one-day escape. Escape is what they live, breathe for; the subject permeates every hour of the day and night. Yet these men were glad enough to come to this "new life" from their French prisons. I recollect the relief on their faces as they emerged from the Citadelle of Ré that winter's morning, a young priest walking backwards in the roadway before them. "My children," he cried, while Senegalese with glinting bayonets marched on either side of the labouring convoy, "I come to say good-bye. And as I used to do in the trenches, I am going to give you a collective absolution. Let those who wish to uncover, do so. (With one movement the bonnets of the newcomers and the sombreros of the "old lags" were removed.)

They travel in nine cages, some eighty to a cage, across the ocean, and are allowed on deck for an hour's exercise a day. But most of the time they lie deadly sick in their hammocks. Should they misbehave seriously in their cages scalding steam is turned on from specially fitted "radiator" pipes. Each convoy tacitly elects its "king" and the monarch of that year was Dr. Bougrat, who stowed a patient away in a cupboard at Marseilles after having relieved him of £400. Bougrat soon escaped to Venezuela, where he now has a charming villa and Creole wife plus the assurance that his new patients will only see him taken away over their bodies. Other "stars," I recollect, were Mestorino, a Paris diamond dealer who poured petrol over a client's body near Fontainebleau; Guyot, who threw his little friend on a haystack at Meaux and set fire to that: and Vermandé, who placed his wife in a furnace at Nancy (Landru's disappearance-by-fire was catching that year). And then there was the aristocrat, Pierre de Rayssac of Toulouse, who drowned his illegitimate son rather than provide for him. Convicts weave wondrous tales, and de Rayssac sailed as a "millionaire" and "prince of the blood." After a call for coloured scum at Algiers, the first these convicts see of their new life is the quayside of Cayenne, capital of French Guiana. They see scores of semi-nude, tattered, barefoot yellows (once white but now an unholy waxen hue from fever), preparing to unload ship, and they say "*Tiens*, this is what we'll be doing!" But they are wrong. These dock hands are free men, *libérés*, one of the three distinct categories in the colony. The others are *relégués* and *transportés*, and only the last are serving time as convicts. Their most recent number was 9,600, or just about one-half of the grand total of detained. The *libérés*, numbering at a like period 2,500 are men who have served their sentences without dying, also their secondary punishment period of *interdiction de séjour*, and are now at liberty to pick up what living they can locally. They may never return to France because they were sentenced to a higher term than eight years; anyone getting less than that, and after doing his inevitable *interdiction de séjour* on the spot (usually for about the same number of years as his sentence), may hope to see *la belle France* again (these are the only men who may).

This secondary or *interdiction* stage produces the so-called *relégués* of which there were 8,700 some time back. The idea of the *relégué* was to colonize and develop Guiana; it has worked out a shocking fiasco. The *relégués* exist nominally as free men in a hut agglomeration at St. Jean, twelve miles from St. Laurent du Maroni, the real capital of *bagne*, and they may not approach nearer than five miles to that town. They get paid tuppence a day of which half goes towards their ration. They have to hack down several square yards of jungle a day for this bare subsistence; the labour is called *faire le stère*. It is quite pointless and has been going on for decades, some thirty miles of jungle now having been razed for no known purpose in as much as the French have realized that general conditions are too bad to hope for real opening up. The *relégués* wallow in vice and crime, and it is they who mostly seek to escape because nothing lies ahead for the majority save slow dissolution in the next stage, as a *libéré* in the gutter. About 15 per cent. of *relégués* will see France again, the smaller sentences. The three categories lead very different existences on the mainland (on which we now are). The convicts "doing time" are marched out to hack down jungle or build from 5 a.m. to 5 p.m., after which they are marched back into vast barracks and equally vast cages where they are left like menagerie animals until five next morning. So stifling is the atmosphere that they strip, most of them, when the rare visitor will see astonishing tattoo effects. An ex-priest, I was told, has a large "AMEN" across his breast, while a celebrated apache has this: "Le passé m'a trompé, le présent me tourmente, l'avenir m'épouvante." And there are other tattooings.

The men make friends and fight to the death for each other. Men? Beasts. They are now that, or well on the way. And physically they are in pieces as much from their own doings as from the climate: fever racks them by night and snakes and mosquitos torment them by day. And, one and all, their feet are too frightful to contemplate due to their having sold their boots and been given no others. *Bagne* costs the French £100,000 a year, and they are not going to supply two pairs of boots to the same man, not if he has to go hobbling dreadfully for twenty years. Unsaleable footgear could easily be devised, but the directors of *bagne* snap their fingers at the idea. The truth being that no one cares two hoots what happens in the penal colony which is allowed

o hideously shallow graves in which the prisoners are rruptible warders"—the sharks. It is to peace in this e end of their hideous road

(Continued on page 478)

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on

WORLD AFFAIRS

A Caustic Causerie on Matters of International Interest

A QUESTION OF HAIR.—Bald heads and long whiskers are prize-worthy assets in Japan, cherished by the mighty of the land, according to distinguished entries for the Bald-head and Moustache Contests.

Lieut.-General Gaishi Nagaoka, the Grand Old Man of Aviation in Japan, has challenged the world through the Moustache Club to produce a finer pair of whiskers than his own twenty-inches-from-tip-to-tip adornment. His claim is contested in that country by Lieut.-General Misashi Mori, Superintendent of Cavalry at the Military Education Headquarters. Mr. H. S. K. Yamaguchi, promoter of the club, announces that amongst the international entries for membership received is one from the ex-Kaiser of Germany, claiming qualification by signed photograph. But even these champions will have little chance of winning the coveted distinction if Ahir Desur Arian decides to enter the competition with his moustache of sixty-eight inches from tip to tip, up to the present unchallenged as "the longest moustache in the world."

The Annual Spring Bald-head Contest at Nagatoyo saw nearly 500 competitors this year. Prizes and certificates are awarded for the finest and shiniest craniums. Tetsusuke Harimaya, Tokio stockbroker, insures his bald head against burns, injuries, and superfluous hair for £100. The Tokio Chief of Police, Mr. Tsurukichi Maruyama, sent in his entry through the Saitama Prefecture. Kobe contributed entries chosen from its "Slippery Top Club," while other districts and towns, from Aomori in the far North to Hiroshima and Fukuoka in the farthest South, hasten every year to claim honourable recognition in the contest by despatching picked members of their local Bald-head Clubs. Women are not excluded, and occasionally compete. Official messages of encouragement are directed to the contestants, and one of the first ceremonies at the assembly at Nagatoyo is a prayer meeting at the local shrine for continued prosperity of bald heads.

A CASINO FOR CASH.—"Disappointed, naturally. Discouraged?—Not at all!" Austrian Vice-Chancellor and Foreign Minister Schober, formerly dashing Police Chief of Vienna, retorted, galvanized into alertness at my mere suggestion that his recent painful renunciation of the Austro-German Customs Union, dramatically wrung from him before the European Commission in Geneva, might react with demoralizing discouragement at home. Foreign Minister Schober declared that, on the contrary, this latest "blow" had served but to increase the impetus of determination to set Austria's house in order.

Among the possible ways of raising money in the country itself, Dr. Schober mentioned the tentative idea of permitting the establishment of a Monte Carlo at one of the famous Austrian resorts, such as Baden, to draw foreign tourists who would be attracted by the gambling. There is a penal law in Austria against gambling of any description. Nationals caught playing games of chance are subject to harsh penalties, while foreigners are deported. The law would be repealed.

"As Police Chief, I was responsible for a number of deportees," the Foreign Minister told me. "Even the clubs are not exempt from police supervision. You can imagine how strangely at first the idea of a casino in Austria appeared to *me*."

Austria, to be organized as a tourist playground on the lines of Switzerland, the Riviera, Paris, or North Africa, is no new idea. In addition to gorgeous mountain scenery in the Austrian Tyrol, such world-famous resorts as Baden, Gastein, the attraction of Salzburg and its Music Festival, there is the eternal lure of Vienna, the "Fairy City," redolent of sentimental tradition—a stage left vacant for a while by the passing of the colourful imperial days, but with the same romantic background of gracious architecture, the Ringstrasse promenade of lovely women, gay cafés, art, music, dance, and song. A stage, echoing the provocative terms of Viennese waltzes and Ishar's operettes, cleared to welcome and initiate a post-war generation pitying itself as romance-starved.

The casino and gambling halls, possibly at Baden, would most likely be modelled on the Baltic Zoppot, famous "Monte Carlo of the North." There seems no reason, indeed, why Austria should not very profitably join the prosperous ranks of the world's playgrounds, and Vienna take a new lease of the life immortalized in her romance.

CHINA SWAMPED WITH POPULATION.—Three hundred thousand Chinese lie dead and rotting in the flooded districts, half a million more wander homeless and starving, helpless victims to pestilence and the outrages of fiendish bandits, we learn in a few inches of newspaper type. Most fortunate are those illiterate men and women whose lives have been a treadmill of ignorance and suffering, their children and little babies, who have been rushed from weary years of a living death to life in death. Hopeless and agonizing is the fate facing the others "spared" to the world.

VOLUNTARY WORK OF GERMAN STUDENTS: The students of the University of Tubingen in Wurtemberg, whose economic situation, like that of the bulk of German students, is anything but bright, have decided to do voluntary work during their vacation, to receive free board, lodging, and clothing. A company has been formed consisting of sixty-five men, half of them students, the other half unemployed, who have undertaken the task of building a road through the woods near Munsingen

Two hundred million men, women, and children, or nearly half the population of China, are unemployed, unable to gain a regular livelihood, the daily bowl of rice, or the few primitive necessities of their simple life, according to an official estimate recently published by the Chinese Ministry of Interior. Yet unless, perhaps, to wonder what purpose to themselves or to humanity in general the Creator lit the flame of their miserable existences, the staggering magnitude of this sum of human suffering fails in most cases to quicken the imagination of the west. Troubles nearer home torment us, and China is so far away. But not so far away, indeed, in these days of shrinking distances that her problems of population are not thrust upon the world in general.

There is a natural tendency to believe that China offers vast unexploited areas inviting internal migration from the over-populated districts. As a matter of fact a very large part of the Great North-West is not suitable for close settlement, and even now no time is being lost in attempting to colonize the suitable districts. In response to an application from a Chinese relief organization the Mukden warlord, General Chang Hsueh-liang, is said to be working out a project to employ some 100,000 poor emigrants from the Honan district on reclamation work in Kunganling and in the paddy-fields of Kirin Province.

According to plans completed this spring by the Ministry of the Interior, emigrants from the most densely-populated parts of China are to be guided as pioneers towards Kansu, the north-western waste lands, the lowlands in Sinkiang Province, south-eastern sections of Outer Mongolia, the grass-lands of Tsinghai, and the south-eastern sections of Tibet.

Chang-heng Chen, the authority on the subject, claims that the three eastern provinces of the Chinese Republic are the only promising regions to relieve some pressure on China's over-population, and have already an average density of seventy-two persons to the square mile. In other words, China's only internal outlet for superfluous population is already more densely settled than the United States of America and many of the South American republics. Within a few decades, he declares, even these provinces will be as crowded as China proper.

The established fact, that birth-rate decreases in proportion to increased higher standards of living, is unlikely to control China's rapidly-increasing population for a long time to come.

COIFFURE EXTRAORDINARY: Camels are shorn not for the sake of their brushes alone, for remarkable geometrical designs are, on occasion, effectively created on them, as this picture from a fair near Lahore eloquently testifies

THE YELLOW PERIL.—Referring to China, Professor Nasu of the Imperial University of Tokio points out that "city life will tend to reduce the birth-rate of the population, but its influence will be more than counterbalanced for the time by the growth of population caused by newly-opened fields of industrial activities. As the industrial revolution proceeds, the population increase will be accelerated, even in an ancient country like China, as long as the standards of living will not be raised sufficiently to check it. This tendency will only stop when capitalistic development has reached a certain stage."

The town population of China was recently estimated at 100,000,000, that is, not less than 20 per cent. of its total population; the rural population at 358,000,000, subject to an annual rate of growth of ten per thousand.

The average size of the Chinese farm is about 3·55 acres per household, or less than seven-tenths of an acre per person, according to the Chinese Agriculture Census.

"So long as these huge millions of Chinese farmers rely upon man and animal-power as the only motive force to aid in production, and even in distribution, we can hardly expect a general rising of the standard of the rural life. The hope for a general decline in the birth-rate is remote," Chang-heng Chen says, adding that "unless the average size of the Chinese farm can be considerably increased, it can hardly be expected that the average size of the Chinese farmer's family will become smaller. Yet it is just as difficult to increase the one as to decrease the other."

The gathering tidal-wave of China's increasing population, with no immediate prospect of increasing constructive occupation or prosperity in their country, is far from taking the melodramatic form of an aggressive "Yellow Peril" sweeping the west. It rises before us like a shadowy mountain on a distant horizon.

Looming, but powerless at present, since the units composing the mass are as yet unawakened to national and racial consciousness, and the individual has not found his soul.

The power of the Chinese "soul," if one uses the word to express the mainspring of conscious individuality and motivating will, is best seen in the indefatigable industry and inflexible tenacity of purpose of those individualistic Chinese who, by "peaceful penetration," have dug themselves in, in successful and often powerful niches all over the world.

Little imagination is needed to picture a China of hundreds of millions of soul-conscious individuals, equipped with modern science and mechanism, deliberately surging in search of a terrain for self-expression—an inexhaustible tide of "peaceful penetration," if they so design, which no force in the west will be able to stem. China's millions no longer fade into that mirage which was the farthest east of, say, thirty years ago.

LONDON: Hub of the Universe

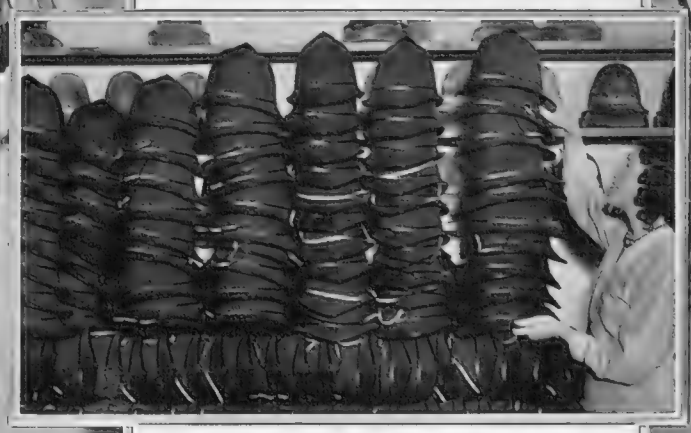
The Latest Metropolitan News Told in Pictures

"THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES . .": When two bachelor two-year-old lions, Caesar and Juja, were put into separate cages at the Zoo with two lionesses of equal age, Elizabeth and Lurline, the truth of the old tag was conclusively proved. Both lions fared badly at the claws of their mates, neither of which seemed likely to be tamed by her leonine Petrucchio. Caesar is seen beating a prudent retreat from the fury of Elizabeth

THE SUCCESSOR TO FLORENCE MILLS: Miss Adelaide Hall, the coloured star, who has made a big reputation in U.S.A., is to make her London debut at the Palladium, seen in Regents Park

KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES: Sir Alfred Yarrow, Bart., the nonagenarian head of the famous shipbuilding firm, caught by the camera landing from the Imperial Airways liner, Heracles, after flying from Paris. Sir Alfred, despite his ninety years, frequently travels on business by air

CASH VERSUS COUNTRY: Members of the London Schoolmasters' Association demonstrate in a march from Blackfriars Bridge along the Embankment to Caxton Hall against the salary cuts recommended in the new Budget



THE WINTER MODE: Members of the London Constabulary will shortly wear their winter helmets, which are ½-oz. heavier than the summer style. In a London factory some 6,000 are turned out per week. A number of them are here seen being packed for despatch

THE CORRECT ANGLE: The 14th/20th Hussars are due for service in Egypt, and one trooper is seen above being shown, during a parade at Hounslow Barracks in tropical kit, the exact fashion to wear his pith helmet

YOUTH *has its* FLING

PRELUDE TO BROOKLANDS: The Earl of Gainsborough has a collision with his brother, the Hon. Gerald Noel. His sister, Lady Maureen Noel, is involved in the accident—an incident at Bracknell Park, near Ascot

Right—YOUTHFUL HAPPINESS IN THE PARK: A study of Master William Lindsay-Hogg, the son of Sir Anthony and Lady Lindsay-Hogg (Miss Frances Doble)

"AND FRIEND": Miss Philippa and Miss Diana Cunliffe-Owen, the daughters of Sir Hugo and Lady Cunliffe-Owen, find their dog stronger than themselves when taking him for a run in Hyde Park

A gallery of the Society of Tomorrow glimpsed in Hyde Park and elsewhere

Left—OF THE LINE OF "BOBS": Master Versey Norman playing in Hyde Park. He is the son of Mrs. Sheila Norman and the grandson of Colonel Maxwell. He is also a descendant of the great Lord Roberts

TO THE RESCUE: Lord Eskdaill and Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott, son and daughter of the Earl and Countess of Dalkeith, and grand-children of the Duke of Buccleuch, with Master Jeremy Cubitt, son of the Hon. Mrs. Cubitt, save the doll of their friend, Miss Fortune Owen Smith, in Hyde Park

KEEPING A GOOD MAN DOWN! Miss Mary Crossley, the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Crossley, keeps Master Timothy Lee Guinness, son of Mr. and Mrs. K. Lee Guinness, firmly in his place

THREE NOTABLES OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION: Sir Roderick Impey Murchison (1792–1871), Geologist and President in 1846; Sir David Brewster (1781–1868), Founder and President in 1850; and the Rev. Adam Sedgwick (1785–1873) Prebendary of Norwich, President, 1833

The CENTENARY *of the* BRITISH ASSOCIATION

A Hundred Years of Science, 1831—1931

If, as philosophers would have us believe, mankind is already many million years old and is still only adolescent, a mere hundred years count as but a tick of the clock in an existence measured by such a Methuselean scale. To modern science, a recent creation of this precocious youngster, however, a century of ordinary years means almost a lifetime. True, it was conceived long in the speculative philosophy of the Greeks, but it lay dormant during the Middle Ages, and was not safely in its cradle until about the eighteenth century. In England it was carefully nursed by the Royal Society, and a hundred years ago was a promising youngster just beginning to attract the attention of the world.

The outside world was, indeed, ready to be attracted by something new. England was recovering from the struggle with Napoleon and the period of unrest following it, and was ready to exchange the victories of war for those of peace. The Friday evening discourses at the Royal Institution by Sir Humphry Davy or Michael Faraday were already important social events, although science as a whole was not yet a power in the land.

Sir David Brewster, editor of *The Edinburgh Magazine* and inventor of the kaleidoscope, was vigorous in directing attention to the neglected state of science in England as compared with other countries, and proposed "an association of our nobility, clergy, gentry, and philosophers" to draw "the attention of the Sovereign and the nation to this blot upon its fame." Brewster certainly had in mind a society such as the Deutscher Naturforsch Versammlung, founded in 1822, and in September, 1831, with the support of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society he convened a meeting at York under the chairmanship of Viscount Milton, President of this Society. Vernon Harcourt outlined the objects of the new British Association for the Advancement of Science, namely, to give a stronger impulse and a more systematic direction to scientific enquiry, to promote intercourse between men of science, to focus public attention on science, and to remove public disadvantages and opposition. The meeting was an undoubted success, for over 300 scientists attended and contributed to a good scientific programme. By the time of the second meeting at Oxford, in 1832, the proposal had taken root, and famous names such as Babbage, the inventor of the calculating machine, Faraday of electrical fame, Rennie, the builder of London Bridge, "atomic" Dalton, and the versatile Daubeny appear in the records.

There was, however, in the early years, a certain amount of opposition and, which was worse, indifference, from certain quarters. Reference is made to this in the biography of Sir Roderick Murchison the geologist, who was advised by Lockhart, editor of the *Quarterly Review*, not to make a fool of himself among the twaddlers at "the colt show at York." Far from appearing foolish, Murchison's name comes down in history as a subsequent president of the Association, and a stalwart champion.

In the realms of literature Charles Dickens was responsible for some fun at the expense of the Association. In 1837, "The Proceedings of the Mudfog Association for the Advancement of Everything" appeared in *Bentley's Miscellany*. Some of the Members were Professors Snore, Doze, Wheezy, Muddlebranes, and Pumpskinskull, and they are pictured as discussing Umbugology and Ditchwateristics in a truly Dickensian manner. Such good-humoured fun probably acted more as an advertisement than as a drawback to the development of the Association, and in any case was preferable to the lukewarm reception accorded it, for example, at Oxford in 1847. At all events, the British "Ass," as it was termed, affectionately by its supporters and sarcastically by its opponents, continued to attract to its meetings the best scientific brains of the land.

It must be understood that these were the days when the advances of science were more spectacular and more easily appreciated by the interested public than at present. Early examples, for instance, of the subjects discussed are balloon ascents, volcanoes, the electro-magnet, and the dredging of Dublin Bay, all of which were of current interest and easily understood. Compare these with random papers from the 1931 programme, such as canonical matrices and matrix equations, the intensities of lines in absorption spectra, and so on, and it will be realized how the Association has become dependent for main support more and more on its scientific members than on the original "nobility, clergy, and gentry." At the jubilee meeting in 1881 at York, there were even murmurs that the work of the Association was finished, and these became more insistent during the following years. In 1884 the meeting was held overseas, at Montreal, for the first time.

One can, however, judge the vitality of an institution by its activities, and the fact that a meeting has been held every year, except 1917 to 1918, for a century, speaks for itself.

It will be remembered that one of the objects of the Association is the promotion of intercourse among scientific men. Whether the founders intended social as well as scientific intercourse is not specified, but it is certain that the convivial side of the early meetings of the Association must have proved a great attraction. At York there was a public dinner at 12s. a head, and "ordinaries" at 5s. or 7s., and it is recorded that the Earls of Fitzwilliam and of Carlisle were among those who presented venison, game, and fruit. It seems to have been usual in those days to provide something more sustaining than mere food for thought, and one of Sedgwick's letters, written in 1837, runs: "Let me then transport you to Liverpool, among mountains of venison and oceans of turtle. Were philosophers ever so fed before? Twenty hundredweight of turtle were sent to fructify in the hungry stomachs of the sons of science. . . ." It was an easy and welcome duty to carry through this side of the programme, but to digest a scientific lecture and a heavy meal at the same time is a more difficult problem, and the after-dinner meetings proved sleepy affairs. Whewell observes (in 1845) that "Herschel read for an hour and a quarter without being heard." Even in those days, it seems, scientists were subject to human frailties!

It was characteristic of the times that ladies were at first rigorously excluded from membership of the Association, but it is also characteristic of the sex that, by peaceful penetration over a number of years, they managed gradually to force an entrance. It appears in fact that their presence was then not only tolerated but was even welcomed, for Sedgwick gallantly remarked in one of his addresses in 1838 that the ladies present were so numerous and so beautiful that it seemed as if every sunbeam entering the glass roof had deposited an angel. Babbage, a mathematician to the core, set about calculating the number of window-panes, while Sir John Herschel the astronomer backed Sedgwick with equal gallantry by a comment that, "for every little pane there is a great pleasure." A pun often goes down in history without necessarily expressing the truth, but the fact remains that in 1913 Miss Ethel Sargant became the first woman sectional-president (of botany), and that now, to the advantage of all, both sexes meet on an equal footing.

This is hardly the place to deal with the scientific attainments of the Association. The abstruse theories of yesterday are the practical applications of to-day, and the achievements of modern science are apparent to all. It is an interesting pastime, however, to delve among the forbidding titles of the papers read in the past hundred years, and to unearth an epoch-making announcement or the germ of a great discovery. Many a fierce battle of words, too, has been fought between rival scientists at these meetings, but none has aroused more interest than that of 1860. In 1859, Charles Robert Darwin had published his *Origin of Species*, and his theory of the descent of man from the anthropoid ape was being praised or condemned by scientists and laymen alike. It was natural that the forces assembled on both sides should clash at the 1860 meeting, and a preliminary skirmish for a scientific point took place between Thomas Henry Huxley, a vigorous supporter of the theory, and Owen, after a paper had been read by Daubeny. The battle royal, however, was two days later, when the theory was again introduced by Draper, and attacked before a crowded audience by Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford. The reports of the Association are dumb at this point, and we have to rely mainly on personal recollections which have been impartially collected by Howarth in the *Retrospect*, already mentioned.

Huxley attended the meeting against his will and listened in silence to a speech characterized by ignorance of the scientific facts of the case. But his fanaticism for truth, as he called it, became irresistible when the bishop unwisely asked him whether he claimed descent from a venerable ape through his grandfather or grandmother. According to his biographer Huxley replied: "If I am asked whether I would choose to be descended from the poor animial of low intelligence and stooping gait, who grins and chatters as we pass, or from a man endowed with great ability, and a splendid position, who would use these gifts to discredit and crush humble seekers after truth—I hesitate what answer to make."

This unfortunate clash between forces representing science and orthodoxy was a sign of the gradual withdrawal of clerical support from the Association. The strength of this support in the early days may be gauged from the fact that almost 25 per cent. of the offices in the first sectional subcommittees and three out of the first five presidencies were filled by clergymen. There are signs to-day that the breach is being healed, with the realization that religion and science may operate in their own respective spheres without antagonism, and even with co-operation.

The Royal Family has from time to time taken more than a passing interest in the development of the Association, and the Prince Consort attended its meetings in 1846 and 1851, and was president in 1859. He seems to have dreaded failure in the last capacity, but a letter from Queen Victoria to King Leopold says that the "great undertaking . . . went off extremely well." Royal patronage has since been continued, and the able presidency of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales a few years ago is fresh in our minds.

The scientific history of the Association is the history of science itself. It has published reports, stimulated Government interest and activity, and subsidized research. It has maintained Kew Observatory and was indirectly the founder of the National Physical Laboratory, while in recent years, thanks to the generous gift of Mr. G. Buckston Browne, it has also acquired Down House, the home of Darwin. In consideration of these and many other services, the recently-awarded Royal Charter is a well-merited dignity.

The centenary meeting, inaugurated on September 23, is the first to take place in London, although in accordance with the policy of the Association other towns in the British Isles and the Empire have been visited, in some cases as often as five times. The president, General the Right Hon. J. C. Smuts, delivered an address on "The Scientific World-Picture of To-day," and a large number of distinguished British and foreign scientists assisted in the programme. An important feature is an attempt to raise a sum of money sufficient to cover the future expenses of the Association by endowment, so that more funds will be available for research purposes. In addition to the scientific papers there is a number of social events and excursions around London to places of scientific interest. The celebrations of the centenary of Michael Faraday's electrical discovery just preceded the meeting of the Association, and was also opened by General Smuts.

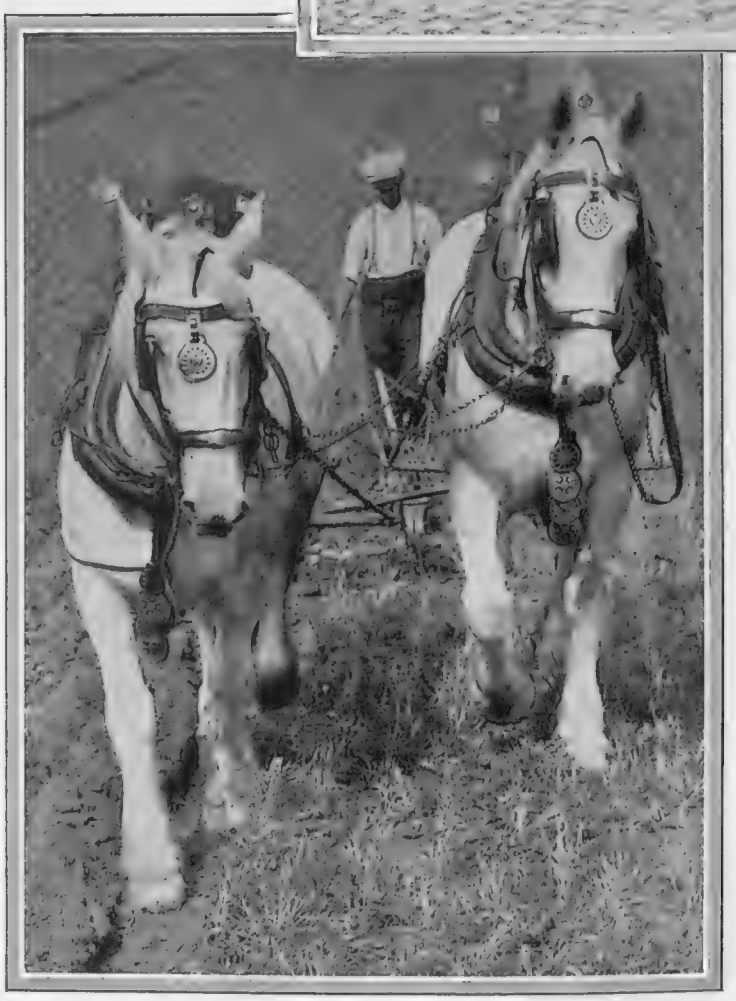
In its brief existence science has already showered on us many gifts which we may use to our benefit or, as the War has shown, abuse to our cost. As time goes on these will certainly increase, and one may well hesitate whether to wish to have been born earlier in order to have avoided them, or later to see what is in store. The future prosperity of a body such as the British Association, with a century of service in the interests of science and the public already to its credit, is a guarantee that the gifts of science will be used wisely and that we may face the future with confidence.

Dr. Julius Grant.

ENGLAND *still shall* STAND

NESTWARD BOUND: A female montagu harrier, having been summoned from the nest by the cock-bird to receive in mid-air the prey he has acquired—termed the "pass"—returns to her nest. The adroitness with which the hens of the species receive the prey passes belief

FLOWERS OF THE FALL: A colourful barrow-load of chrysanthemums—the fairest of autumnal and winter blossoms—*en route* from the famous fields at Sutton Common, Surrey, to market



"PLODS HIS WEARY WAY": An entrant in the ploughing match held at Warnham Court Farm, Horsham. Mr. H. King and his team of greys are seen above

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Despite the Abolition of the Gold Standard, the Economic Crisis, the Trade Crisis, the Successive and Inexhaustible Cabinet Crises, the Country Life of England Pursues the Even Tenour of its Way

THE HUNTER: A montagu harrier flies with its prey over the nest. This picture and that on the extreme left were taken by special permission by Mr. Walter E. Higham, on Lord Desborough's Norfolk estate where there is a private bird sanctuary. There has been of late an increase in hawking interest throughout the country as witness the hawking meet staged at Knole. Both camera pictures are on exhibition at the Royal Photographic Society's annual show

SHEPHERDS OF THE OLD SCHOOL: Mr. William Sheppard (left) of Hambrook (near Chichester) and Mr. Walter Wooler of Pyecombe, caught by the camera at Findon Sheep Fair. The former is eighty-five and the latter ten years his junior; these two Southdown shepherds have a record of 117 years' active service between them—and are still going strong

LITERARY ASSASSINATION and BALLET MEMORIES

And other Bookish Matter of the Current Hour. Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

Some time ago Mr. Somerset Maugham flattered the literary dovecotes with an impish piece of work that made fun of Hardy idolatry, and in particular of those who extracted publicity for themselves by leading deputations to the grand old man, whose fame was in no need of their grandiloquent tributes and showy laurels. Not a little of the offence committed by this book, one of the most readable that Mr. Maugham's mordant wit has ever perpetrated, lay in the portrait of the two Hardys, the earlier Hardy who loved the congenial atmosphere of country pubs and homespun people, and the later, canonized Hardy, taken in hand by his producers, furbished up and regularized in his habits, for presentation to duchesses and hordes of lion-hunters. It is to the merit of this *roman-à-clef* that Hardy was never made the figure of fun, but certainly in regard to many others Mr. Maugham loosed all the satirical shafts in his quiver. Writers who indulge in this kind of sport and butcher their contemporaries to make a novelist's holiday must not complain if they provoke retaliations. The world at large cares little about these literary duels. It greatly enjoyed *Cakes and Ale*, probably quite unconscious of the real characters concerned.

Later there appeared in America a novel from the pen of Mrs. Elinor Mordaunt which pilloried Mr. Somerset Maugham, and presented him as a contemptible writer who toured the world accepting hospitality that he afterwards abused by drawing malicious sketches of his hosts. The book made something of a sensation, sensations of this nature are not difficult to make, but a number of English writers, anxious not to see their calling reduced to the nature of a dog-fight, endeavoured to restrain the author from publication in England. Among these, I believe, was Mr. Hugh Walpole, one of the "victims" of *Cakes and Ale*, who preserved a sense of balance in the matter. There the matter should have ended. Now, to my surprise, there appears *Full Circle* (Secker. 7s. 6d.), by Mrs. Elinor Mordaunt, and there can be no doubt that, if this is not the offending book she published in America, it is a cut version for English consumption.

Why Mrs. Mordaunt should be called upon to write a *tu quoque* to *Cakes and Ale* I do not know. What I do know is that this book is a most lamentable performance. I do not allude to its malice, even Mr. Walpole is again a victim, to its portrait of Mr. Somerset Maugham, jaundiced in every detail, but to its downright bad craftsmanship. In the past I have felt considerable respect for Mrs. Mordaunt's work. How she can put her name to venomous rubbish of this order passes my comprehension. *Cakes and Ale*, whatever its theme, possessed wit and humour, with Mr. Maugham's considerable gift for characterization. Its theme apart, it was a good piece of work. *Full Circle* is the performance of a spiteful child scrawling her abuse on the street walls. A dull book, a bad book, it limps heavily along, and when Mrs. Mordaunt changes from the stiletto to the bludgeon her handiwork is equally clumsy. Mr. Maugham was a medical student. Her Mr. Leverson Hurle studies science, but for what end is never defined. We follow Mr. Hurle through an illicit amour, to the South Seas, and the contact with Gaugin. Mrs. Mordaunt has omitted nothing, and omitted to spoil nothing. Sometimes, in order to pad out the book, she lapses into feeble anecdotage, such as the reminiscence of George Moore about to embark on *The Brook Kerith*, which has no bearing whatever on the story. I forced myself on through the book wondering if anywhere, despite herself, the Elinor Mordaunt I had admired would emerge. But no. Her puppets are dragged, bumped, rattled, and half-strangled to the feeble end. Mrs. Mordaunt may survive this performance. If she does I hope she will never again try the rôle of literary assassin. Even if she has the spirit she has not the requisite dexterity for successful back-stabbing; she emerges more stained than her victim.

It is to the credit of Mr. Anton Dolin in his autobiography, *Divertissement* (Sampson Low. 12s. 6d.), that he is never under the illusion that he can write. He apologises from the first page for his unliterary effort. If, however, he believes that he can dance, even those who have not seen him will be persuaded by this book to a similar belief after they have read what he says, and others are quoted as saying, about himself. This book is an essay in egotism. Any man who writes a book about himself before the age of forty is an egotist. I know, for I have done it. Mr. Dolin, unlike myself, has the excuse that he is an actor, and egotism is a large ingredient of the actors make-up. In *Divertissement* he tells the story of life as a dancer, his rapid rise to the proud position of a *premier danseur* in the Russian ballet, his selection and promotion by the great Diaghileff. Mr. Dolin has given me so many hours of real pleasure on the stage that I was nervous in picking up his book that he would do himself an injury in my esteem. How well I know these dreadful books by actors, mostly shoddy concoctions full of gush and insincerities. But, as I read on, Mr. Dolin became more and more captivating, despite the handicap of his style, the jumpiness of his reminiscences. One cannot fail to be attracted by a boy of so much enterprise, dogged spirit, devotion to his art and, all too rare, his generosity towards life in general. If I like him for loving Venice, for hating cruelty of all forms, whether in the bull-ring or the drawing room, they are only a few of the reasons. He can laugh, now, at his own conceit, at his waywardness, but even in these inseparable aspects of adolesence his essential character emerges. Watch him in that moment when he faces the great Diaghileff, a tyrant as all men of genius are tyrants in pursuit of their aims, and gambles with his whole future in the assertion of his own independence. One realises that something more than his dancing, excellent as it was, carried this youth—an Englishman and thereby an outsider—into the front rank of those Russian exponents of a great tradition. This record presents a vivid sketch of life with the Russian ballet, the tremendous labour preceding the seemingly simple perfection of a dance, the vivid cosmopolitan background, all Europe a stage. I like, too, his gratitude and sensibility. When he is temporarily eclipsed he has no venom, but looks for the reason. His devotion to his early teacher, Astafieva, to Spessiva, his consistent ambition to dance with Karsavina, ultimately fulfilled, his veneration of the art of Pavlova and, above all, his intense devotion to the master of them all, Diaghileff, who could fitfully exalt and abase; these aspects of Dolin illumine the book. It may come as a revelation to many to learn of the pains and perils that are faced in achieving that svelte grace, the effortless perfection of movement that holds us spellbound and makes us envious of such physical ease and beauty. No one watching Dolin in his most famous creation in *Le Train Bleu* could imagine the effort, the recklessness behind those jumps, so airily were they taken, so gossamer in their sinuous lightness.

"There were times when I would come off the stage and take off my shoes which, brown at the beginning of the ballet, were now crimson with blood. I know that half the company thought that I would break my legs during the leaps and falls on to my knees that I used to do. Before I left the theatre that evening my legs were a mass of cuts and bruises. Each performance of the ballet in London only served to deepen the cuts on my legs and darken the bruises."

Mr. Dolin has manfully resisted many opportunities for tasty scandal, and he scarcely touches the jealousies and intrigues that flourish in theatrical companies. His devotion to the great figure of their chief gives the reader some measure of the power of Diaghileff over his *corps*. I was in Venice on that sad and bright August day when the solemn gondola-cortège passed from the Greek Church to the island cemetery of San Michele. I remember still the glory of that blue and gold morning, the placid lagoon, the stately gondolas with their draping, the sad procession of a few exiled Russians, the weeping figure of Lifar. It was the funeral procession of the Russian Ballet, the passing of an epoch. But since we leave Mr. Dolin making plans at the end of this book, still ambitious after his thirteen years of struggles and triumphs, perhaps a new phase of beauty awaits us at his hands. Meanwhile, for all lovers of the ballet here is an engrossing book, the revelation of an unusual, delightful personality. We are still a race of poets. Here is one who seeks his expression in the rhythm of movement. The book is admirably illustrated with photographs that really belong to the text.

I wish that in my varied experiences of being interviewed, I had fallen into such truthful and sympathetic hands as those of Miss Louise Morgan. Here she is in *Writers at Work* (Chatto and Windus. 2s.) approaching such diverse personalities as Yeats, Aldington, Sinclair Lewis, Sylvia Warner, Edgar Wallace, Wyndham Lewis, Somerset Maugham, and A. E. Coppard, always with the suggestion that each writer is the most vital author of the hour, and what is more necessary, equipped with a full understanding of the point of view of her subject. She adopts no highbrow attitude towards Mr. Wallace, she tackles Mr. Wyndham Lewis determined to get behind his façade, she gives us the real Sinclair Lewis, and captures the hermit Coppard. Her questions are sensible and revealing. We have always wondered at what time Mr. Wallace begins work. We are glad to be assured he has only one literary secretary and no ghosts. And how wholly revealing, after the surprising confession from W. B. Yeats, that he works hard every day from 11 to 1.30, creating poetry, when he concludes, "If you don't express yourself, you walk after you're dead. The great thing is to go empty to your grave." A truly excellent model of the art of the interviewer. I would never keep Miss Morgan waiting—she makes her victims so intelligent and companionable.

Every year I read Mr. Thomas Moult's anthology of the year's poetry with acute despair for the condition of modern verse. Reams and reams of literary crotcheting by the posing young of both sexes, and never an idea or a sudden fall into beauty. This year's contribution, *The Best Poems of 1931* (Cape. 6s.), makes me grateful to Mr. Moult, who always preserves a most admirable catholicity of taste, for preserving two exquisite poems by Elizabeth Coatsworth and Jessica Nelson North, and for enabling me to read Mr. Robert Nichols' very noble *The Souls of the Righteous*. Here is a poem written to a modern theme, a naval battle, that fears nothing in comparison with 500 years of splendour in our poetry traditions. Mr. Nichols has been silent so long, after the grand flare of his War-time advent, that I thought he had petered out. A silence of twenty years has been justified by a gift of this kind.

Here is another collection of Aldous Huxley essays—*Music at Night* (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.). Once again one must admire Mr. Huxley's dexterity on a Japanese fiddle. He can play you any tune, anthropological, biographical, critical, satirical, theological. The smallest incident sets him off, as in the observation that Homer made Ulysses eat, weep, and sleep, in just that realistic order after the devouring of his companions by Scylla. An intellect that never flags finds something new to say about the diverse matters, from Music at Night to Sermons in Cats, that catch his attention.

That veteran critic, Arthur Symons, has made another collection of his essays in *Wanderings* (Dent. 8s. 6d.). A fastidious scholar, with a great range in men and places, these essays cover wanderings mainly in France, enriched at all points by his fund of reminiscence. It is strange to think that he was a friend of Verlaine and Baudelaire. He remains impatient of anything but the intellectual life, and a nomadic life.

Mr. F. O. Mann had considerable success with his last novel *Albert Grope*, and once again in *The Old Woman Talks* (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.), his writing is rich with knowledge of Cockney life. Mrs. Burcombe on her deathbed reviews her life, the blundering marriages of her numerous children, their quarrels, and her own shrewd guidance of affairs. The story is rich with humour, common sense, and a gift that makes all the characters most vividly human.

Recommended List:

The Greeks, *by Rosalind Murray* **(Black. 2s. 6d. net).**—The first of a new How and Why Series which seeks to give a simple outline of large subjects. A brief and very readable précis of Greek history.

Let's Help, *by Sir Charles Bright* **(Routledge. 4s. 6d. net).**—A who's who among charitable causes. Here is an excellent guide to those who spend their lives giving money away, or those who wait until they're dead to do it. An outline of the aims of fifty institutions rendering public service.

Richard Aldington, *by Thomas McGreevy* **(Chatto and Windus. 2s. net).**—A disciple writes a pæan in anticipation of the immortalization of its subject.

Argentine Interlude, *by N. W. Thompson* **(Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net).**—The real thing among cowboy yarns. He left an office stool for an Argentine saddle, and high spirits were his only asset. A bright well-written story of a youth who jumped off into adventure.

Are We All Met? *by Whitford Kane* **(Mathews and Marrot. 16s. net).**—Reminiscences of an actor who has appeared with success on the stages of two continents.

At G.H.Q., *by Brigadier-General John Charteris* **(Cassell. 12s. 6d. net.)**—The day-to-day war diary of one who was at the very heart of things throughout the War.

Memoirs of an Infantry Officer, *by Siegfried Sassoon* **(Faber and Faber. 21s. net.)**—Illustrated edition de luxe.

Dornnei, *by J. Blanch Cubell* **(Lane. 25s. net)**—Illustrated edition-de luxe of a comedy of woman-worship. Illustrations by Frank Papé, an excellent format.

Mademoiselle de Maupin *by Théophile Gautier* **(Lane. 8s. 6d. net.)**—A French classic most beautifully reproduced.

The MOST WONDERFUL STREET in the WORLD

Bottcherstrasse, in Bremen, Created to Incarnate the Best of Modern Art in Northern Germany

What is claimed, not without reason, to be the most wonderful street in the world has just been completed. The authorities of Bremen had the unique idea of building a street of houses, which should symbolize all that was finest in North German intellectual achievement. In a sense the street would be a huge museum, since within the walls of the houses would be contained magnificent collections both of modern and ancient art; but how much more interesting than any museum is this narrow street of houses, each one of distinctive architecture and style, yet each conforming perfectly to the general scheme of which it is a part.

The Bottcherstrasse or Coopers Street is the name of this wonderful thoroughfare. Its narrowness, its cobbled surface, the tall thin houses, with their pointed gables and irregular roof-lines suggest one of those beautiful medieval streets, making up the charm of such places as Heidelberg and Nuremberg. It is only when the details come to be examined that it is realized that each is the work of a great modern artist, and that the exterior of each symbolizes the purpose for which it is used.

One exception indeed there is, that is the Roselius House, a genuinely old house built in 1280. Appropriately enough, therefore, it is used as a museum of the older arts of Lower Germany. In striking contrast is the Paula Becker-Modersohn House, with its modern art workshop. Without interfering with the medieval aspect of the street, modernity is cleverly expressed in the patterns of the brickwork, the small semi-circular windows jutting out from the tower and beautiful ironwork that rails in the various balconies. Inside, apart from the workrooms where students and skilled craftsmen turn out some of the most interesting specimens of modern furniture, are some arresting examples of modern statuary.

A third of the houses is also devoted to sculpture, but here the work is entirely by one man, Professor Bernard Hoetgers, a modern whose work, though fine, is rather austere for the average taste.

Though primarily devoted to art, the houses are by no means solely used as museums. In the Hag-House, for instance, there are a bookshop and several restaurants. The street also contains the most exclusive club in Bremen.

The two houses just completed are perhaps the most interesting of all. The Robinson Crusoe house certainly does not suggest the desert island that its name at first sight implies. It has received its name merely because, with true German thoroughness, Bremen has adopted our friend Robinson, on the ground that his parents were citizens of the town. The pictures of Defoe's hero and his faithful Friday upon the wall make the visiting Englishman feel quite at home. Even without the exploits of Robinson, this would be a cheerful house. It contains the club alluded to above, another large restaurant, a billiard-room, and a bar built to resemble the "kogge," the old sailing-vessels that brought trade to Bremen in the old days.

Connected with the Robinson Crusoe House by two bridges is the Atlantis House, the home of prehistoric art. The symbolism here is Old Germany merging into the New, modern architectural characteristics accompanying the exhibit of ancient things.

The remarkable figure outstretched in the form of a cross on the façade does not represent a Christian symbol, but embodies the idea of self-sacrifice for a great ideal which is embodied in all religions. The surrounding Sun Disk connects the ideas of sacrifice with the cosmic myth of Odin, whose death each year at the Yule Solstice gave birth to the New Year. Inside Atlantis House there are many beautiful rooms in grey, silver, gold, and red, and the whole building makes a fine completion to the most remarkable series of structures which modern architecture has yet produced.

Above—
THE ENTRANCE: A general impression seen through an arch of Bottcherstrasse, Bremen, a way of superlatively artistic houses

Left—
MODERNITY: A portion of the roof in the Paula Becker-Modersohn House, in which much new statuary is produced

Below—
PRIMEVAL: The apartment known as "sky room" in Atlantis House, the mélange of old and new Germany

A NON-CHRISTIAN CROSS AND A SOLAR DISK on the exterior of Atlantis House. The cross represents the generic ideal of sacrifice as preached in all faiths, while the disk recalls a myth of Odin, whose death each year at the Yule Solstice gave birth to the new year

TRANSITION: The staircase of Atlantis House, in which the old Germany and the new, merging together, are symbolized. The rooms are in red, grey, silver, and gold

UNHAPPY CELESTIA: CHINA

Left: STRANDED ON THE RAILWAY: section of line remaining above surface, while the rest is swamped

HANKOW, A VENICE OF THE EAST.—Chungshen Road, Hankow, provided a scene reminiscent of a cross between a children's sea-side resort in England with paddling in full swing, and the Queen of the Adriatic, with native boats for gondolas. To parallel, even vaguely, the flooding of the Yangtse-kiang this year, one must go back to 1871; then the tide reached 51 ft.; the tide of the present disaster has touched 56 ft. 7 in.

THE BREAD LINE: Refugees on an E bankment fed by officials in boats. T unhappy populace of the flooded are is starving. Those in the "rear ran have to put their baskets on long pol

FIFTEEN FEET DEEP: The flood outsi the Municipal Government Buildi Hankow. Both Hankow and Wucha on the opposite bank have been flood

The greater part of Kiangsu, containing largest cotton-growing area in China with population averaging over 400 to the squ. mile, is almost completely submerged by floods of the Yangtse. An aerial survey carr

A TRICKEN BY UNPARALLELED FLOODS

NDSTANDS USED FOR REFUGE: The stand at the Jardine facecouse thronged with refugees, while, *On right,* is a close-up of the grandstand of the International Race Club

UP TO THEIR NECKS IN WATER: In front of the International Banking Corporation on the Hankow Bund

by the Government shows that this flooded area pproximately 3,600 square miles. Only the walled s in the vicinity of the Grand Canal have ped disaster. . The Chinese officially estimate number of dead at between 200,000 and 300,000 this area already. No crops can be gathered year, and it is doubtful whether any can be sown next year. These details relate to only a small part of the flooded Yangtse Valley. Already colossal losses of life have been reported from the Middle and Upper Yangtse. It is reported that "Reds" are looting the towns on the south bank of the Yangtse. In Nankin there are 30,000 refugees of whom 3,000 are perched on the city wall. The floods in the Grand Canal area are reported to be increasing. The Governor of Kiangsu, after an inspection, states that 2,400,000 people are homeless. Part of the embankment at the entrance of the Grand Canal, opposite to Chinkiang, has just collapsed, flooding forty square miles and driving 50,000 people from their homes.

"GRAND HOTEL"

The story of the spectacular adaptation by Edward Knoblock at the Adelphi of Vicki Baum's famous book, told in a series of still pictures from a kinematographic play, produced by Raymond Massey

ARRIVAL: The vestibule of Grand Hotel—the opening scene of the play. Hither come the characters to strut their hour. Miss Ursula Jeans as Flämmchen, Mr. Griffith Humphries as Zinnowitz, Mr. Lyn Harding as Preysing (just arriving), Mr. Basil Loder as the Reception Clerk, and Mr. Vincent Holman as Senf, the Hall Porter, are seen above. Flämmchen is a semi-resident stenographer; Preysing an inefficient and swindling magnate; Zinnowitz is Preysing's lawyer

MENACE: The chauffeur (Mr. Alexander Sarner) informs the Baron (Mr. Hugh Williams) that the gang, of which he is the titular head, requires funds—and hands him the key of the *Ballerina's* door

THE SHADOW OF DEATH: Kringelein (Mr. Ivor Barnard), a little clerk in Preysing's factory, who has but a few months to live, is inveigled into a gambling room by the Baron, and collapses, what time his money is stolen by the Baron. Dr. Otternschlag (Mr. Ernest Milton), a scarred and neurasthenic veteran of the war, assists him. One attractive feature of the drama is the renaissance, despite his spoliation under the Baron's influence, of Kringelein

CONFERENCE: Preysing (Mr. Lyn Harding) informs his business associates, Schweimann (Mr. Philip Brandon), Gerstenkorn (Mr. Cyril Fairlie), and Waitz (Mr. Leonard Shepherd), and his own lawyer Zinnowitz (Mr. Griffith Humphries) that a contract with England, which he knows has fallen through, has been confirmed. The consequences on his character finally make him ultimately a murderer

SUCCOUR: Dr. Otternschlag (Mr. Ernest Milton) takes Kringelein (Mr. Ivor Barnard) to his room, after his having been robbed and had an attack of illness in the card-room whither he had been lured by the Baron

PROPOSAL: Preysing (Mr. Lyn Harding) suggests to his temporary stenographer Flämmchen (Miss Ursula Jeans) that she should accompany him to England—a proposal she, as a modern young woman in search of experience—accepts

BLACKMAIL? NO, ROBBERY: The Baron holds up Preysing to rob him, but Preysing believes he has come to get proofs of his commercial duplicity—a scene which ends in Preysing shooting the Baron

HAPPINESS: Kringelein (Mr. Ivor Barnard) takes Flammchen (Miss Ursula Jeans) to his heart after Preysing has been arrested for the murder of the Baron. They go to their new life happily, speeded by the cynical good wishes of the doctor

FINALE: The vestibule of Grand Hotel—the final scene of the drama—shows the life of the establishment pursuing the even tenor of its way despite the alarums of the play. Above, the Doctor (Mr. Ernest Milton), Preysing under arrest (Mr. Lyn Harding), two visitors recalling their honeymoon on their silver wedding (Miss Margaret Watson and Mr. Edward Dagnall), the Reception Clerk (Mr. Basil Loder), and Senf, the Hall Porter (Mr. Vincent Holman), are seen at the last moment of the play. The visitors, ignorant of the drama, comment ironically on the pleasant quietude of the hotel

RENAISSANCE: Grusinskaja (Miss Elena Miramova) finds a new youth in the sincere adoration of the romantic but unscrupulous Baron (Mr. Hugh Williams), who makes love to her when caught in her room, whither he goes to steal her jewels, but finds, later, he really cares for her

TRAGEDY: Grusinskaja (Miss Elena Miramova), the *passee ballerina*, who falls in love with the Baron who comes to steal her jewels, with her suite

CYNICAL ROMANCE: Flammchen (Miss Ursula Jeans), a pleasure-loving and promiscuous stenographer, who falls genuinely in love with Kringelein

MOCKERY: The Baron (Mr. Hugh Williams) taunts Preysing (Mr. Lyn Harding) with being cut out by his ex-clerk Kringelein with Flammchen whom Preysing has just taken under his (questionable protection)

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

BY PHILIP PAGE

"Take Two From One."

If many a fool can appreciate a good joke, many a clever man has made a poor one. Take the case, for instance, of Mr. Harley Granville-Barker, who was Granville Barker without the Harley in the old days of the Vedrenne partnership at the Court Theatre. He is immensely clever. He is the very essence and compound distillation of the brains of the theatre. When he used to act—a long time ago now—you could simply hear him thinking. He has written plays, heavy with intellectuality, yet good plays, too. He seemed to be able to do nothing wrong, serenely perched in an upper ether of Pure Thought where mistakes simply are not. Yet I see his name on the programme of *Take Two from One* at the Haymarket Theatre.

True, he did not write *Take Two from One*. Another clever man, Señor Sierra, did that. But he has been responsible for the English version of it, and has generally given it his blessing. And—well, let us take a few good points just in an evening which I found to be sadly lacking in them.

There is the quiet and virginal charm of Miss Peggy Ashcroft. There is the quieter and even more virginal charm of Miss Margaret Vines, who in a tiny part made an instant and delightful impression. There is Mr. Nicholas Hannen—a bit heavy handed, perhaps, but here the part demanded it. There is Mr. Marcus Barron, making, as usual, first rate bricks out of an unconscionably small quantity of straw. And there is Mr. Aubrey Hammond's charming scenery.

The play, labelled farce, begins in a vein of solemn comedy and ends in what I can only call lunacy. For it is lunacy, from the artistic as well as the box-office point of view to remind your audience that what they are watching is only a play after all. The author, having got himself into a tangle and being unwilling or unable to get himself out of it, makes Mr. Hannen appear in the audience and say that it doesn't really matter what the solution of the problem might have been, since the whole thing is make-believe anyway and all the characters will turn up again on the Haymarket stage the following night. But not, I think, for many following nights, if I know anything of the taste of the public.

This is, of course, a highly intellectual joke—and a precious poor one. I venture to advise Mr. Barker and Señor Sierra, if they contemplate using the auditorium again, to write a revue, when the trick has been known to be effective.

A fire on a liner in the Red Sea might have been exciting had not the torrent of dull talk in Act I quenched it—the excitement, not the fire, since a disaster does occur and Diana, the tempestuous wife of the dull lawyer, Faustino, perishes. At least, she is supposed to perish; but we know that she does not, since the part is played by Miss Gertrude Lawrence and only one-third of the piece is over. In Act II Faustino has married again—a quiet girl of the domesticated type, and in the middle of a domestic game of chess the first wife, who had been miraculously saved, turns up. Faustino tries to unravel the situation and find a way out, but sends both of them, bored, to sleep. At that moment I was sorely tempted to find my way out, but remained in hope of a redeeming third act. Señor Sierra, however, merely made matters worse by throwing up his hand. I would add that things are not improved by M. Komisarjevsky's production, and that when two people in a room wish to whisper in order to avoid waking up two other people, they stand close together and do not make *fortissimo* noises at each other from opposite sides of that room. A small point, but an important one.

Miss Gertrude Lawrence is always interesting, even when she overdoes things, as she overdid them in a musical comedy t'other side of the Haymarket not long ago. In *Private Lives*, on the other hand, she was exquisite. Here, I think, she has switched back again to over emphasis and her antics in Act II were really rather silly. But so was the act, and if so electric a person was inclined to go too far in her efforts to pull it out of the mess, I bow to her heroism as well as to her charm.

BALLET ONCE AGAIN AT THE ALHAMBRA: A Scene from Waltzes from Vienna *which recalls the pre-War speciality of this famous house. Now, however, the evolutions are performed on a revolving stage*

British Opera Singers.

If ever there were an opportunity for the wealthier patrons of opera to defend themselves successfully against the oft-repeated charge that they have no genuine love of music and are just snobs, the present season of opera in English at Covent Garden affords it. Here are works, most of which were performed in the summer, being given again with the same scenery, in the same spacious and dignified theatre, and with an almost identical orchestra. The only difference is that the singers are, with one exception (our old friend, M. Octave Dua) British. If that single word chokes them off, without their attempting to consider the merit of those singers, then the patrons in question, who so far this season have been conspicuously absent, are not only grossly unpatriotic, but grossly stupid. They deserve all the hard things which for years have been said of them, and prove themselves guilty of the charge that they do not really care for opera at all, but go to Covent Garden with the fixed notion that (in the words of Miss Vesta Victoria, a British singer not at present employed in grand opera) "it's all right in the summer time"—and only in the summer time.

The present Covent Garden Company deserve consideration and even eulogy not because they are British but because they are good. It seems a terrible thing to have to admit that their nationality is in these circumstances a handicap. But undoubtedly it is one. So far I have heard three operas at Covent Garden during the present season—*The Bartered Bride*, *The Meistersingers*, and *The Valkyrie*. The first is a bright little affair, amazingly modern considering it was written in the 'sixties, with a far funnier and more coherent plot than that of either *White Horse Inn*, or *Waltzes from Vienna*. Mr. Percy Heming's performance was one fine one among many. *The Meistersingers* showed us that in Miss Thea Phillips (who also sang in *The Bartered Bride*), England has an Eva at least the equal of the recognized German Evas and better than most—a really sweet singer with a charming appearance. The Wotan of Mr. Horace Stevens and the Hunding of Mr. Norman Allin in *The Valkyrie* I unhesitatingly put on a level with those who play the parts at Bayreuth or Covent Garden in May and June. The list does not end here.

Those who really appreciate opera will enjoy these performances and realise the worth of them. They are not immaculate. Nor are any operatic performances in any part of the year and in any part of the world immaculate. But this autumn British artists are showing us that they are doing work which is intrinsically fine. I only hope that those with influence, social, and financial, will support them whole-heartedly, and that well-meaning friends will refrain from using that damning and damnable word, praiseworthy.

On right — *THE STRAUSSES, FATHER AND SON: Mr. C. V. France in the rôle of the father plays over one of his immortal waltzes to his son, played by Mr. Robert Halliday*

"Viktoria and Her Hussar."

Sir Alfred Butt believes in thoroughness. More than once in the course of his new production at the Palace Theatre, *Viktoria and Her Hussar*, did I find myself thinking of *The Mikado*. A Mikado-like figure appeared for a moment, but, alas, only to perform a marriage ceremony, and his name was not on the programme. Then we had "Tit-Willow," as a love duet; that, again, did not figure in the programme. I thought most, however, of the words of Pooh-Bah: "See that no expense is spared. Do it well!"

Sir Alfred having taken cosmopolitanism as his motto to mark his return to the control of a British theatre has "done it well." There have been no half-measures. For to assist in the interpretation of this operette by Dr. Fritz Lohner-Beda, Mr. Grunwald, Mr. Emerich Foldes, and Mr. Paul Abraham (who has composed the music), we have Mr. Oskar Denes, from Hungary, as principal comedian; Miss Margaret Carlisle, from America, as leading lady; Miss Gina Malo, who has an American accent, as soubrette; and Miss Barbara Diu, from Russia, in the only other female part. We shall have them for a long time, for *Viktoria and Her Hussar* is in for a successful run.

It is not rich in humour. Indeed, the only really subtle touch of fun was the playing of the National Anthem at the rise of the curtain. But there is plenty of the bustling vitality of Mr. Oskar Denes, who in appearance is a mixture of Louis XVI, Herr Tauber, and Mr. Chris. Marner, late of the Palladium. I like Mr. Denes, who is not at all a gloomy Denes—and if he pronounces his name Denésh, I don't care a damn. His laughing duet with Miss Diu went with the very Diuce of a swing, and he gave the whole show life. Miss Malo, as a lady's maid, is sprightly and attractive and a neat dancer. Miss Margaret Carlisle, the American leading-lady, proved rather a gloomy young woman with elementary notions of acting. Her voice would be beautiful if she did not force it. Her stage-lover, Mr. Roy Russell, who has been doing good work at the Lyric, Hammersmith, will be excellent when he is more at ease. Mr. Harry Welchman got every ounce out of a part that was hardly worthy of him. He is the supreme master of his job.

The music, when it was not simply crash-bang jazz, suggested that many familiar tunes had found a resting-place in Mr. Abraham's bosom. It was execrably scored—the "wah-wah" of a muted trombone being considered a suitable accompaniment to sentimental passages. The scenery and dresses, however, are good, and I can certainly recommend a visit, or several visits to *Viktoria and Hussar*.

Meeting "THE SPHERE" *Abroad*

A Galaxy of Places, Scattered over the Face of the Earth, where this Newspaper has been Encountered

By CLIVE HOLLAND

Not the least pleasant of one's travel experiences is surely that of meeting with old as well as new friends. And sometimes silent ones—for example, books and newspapers—please us best. There is a somewhat unfortunate joke that "dentists' and doctors' waiting-rooms are the graveyards of the illustrated newspapers and magazines," as well as, alas! one may add, often enough of the hopes of the patients. But if one may expect to find a few back numbers of the illustrated papers in these doleful haunts, one could scarcely have expected to find copies of THE SPHERE in the far-off lands in which we have found them.

We recall that one of the first issues we remember seeing was discovered at the top of the Eiffel Tower, nearly 1,000 ft. in the air, when that famous sky-scraper was comparatively a novelty, and we particularly noted the fact of finding the paper because it happened to contain some excellent pictures of a current event that had taken place but a few days previously in the French capital.

But high as was the altitude attained by this stray copy of the paper, left behind by some obliging visitor, years after we discovered one in a refuge hut on a Swiss mountain, the ascent of which is still considered a good training before tackling the Matterhorn. It was, we confess, a tattered copy, much thumbed, and out of date by at least six months, probably even more, but it served to pass away an hour or two while we waited for the weather to clear enough for us to go on to the summit. "Reading THE SPHERE at 13,000 ft." would have made an excellent contents bill "splash" item—in those days if not now.

Left—*The summit of the Eiffel Tower possessed a copy of "The Sphere"*

Left—*During a thunderstorm over the Pyrenees a tattered copy was found in a small posada*

Then a year or two later we happened to be in Norway, and a long way up one of the less-frequented valleys running into the country from the head of a fjord. There was a tiny hotel at the tiny village we ultimately reached, at which to spend the night, but this could scarcely accommodate even the small party which had left the cruising yacht, bent on seeing a wonderful waterfall and something of the country. In the evening it was found that there was a definite lack of two beds, and so the hospitality of the village pastor was sought, and in the small room that he had fitted up as a study and library—where we saw quite a number of English books—were several copies of THE SPHERE, which he told us a brother then studying in London sent him occasionally.

Right—*At the Strandbad of Vienna, there was a waiting list for the one fite coby*

Of course, one finds the paper on most great ocean liners and in the reading-rooms of hotels all over the world. It must, indeed, travel far and be read by all sorts and conditions of men and women, for we have seen it in the engine-room as well as in the captain's cabin. It is, indeed, ubiquitous. By the time it reaches the former it is well worn and has given good service.

Before the paper is entirely disintegrated aboard ship it may serve many purposes. We once heard of it being used in Trieste harbour to plug the hole in a boat as it was being rowed to the ship, when the usual cork had somehow worked loose!

And in Barcelona, on one occasion when there was a disturbance and some shooting among the *habitués*, we were told that the proprietor had the bright idea of protecting himself by placing three copies under his waistcoat to serve as an improvised breastplate!

Another memory of THE SPHERE has to do with an afternoon of blazing sunshine years ago at the Vienna "Strandbad" on one of the sandy islands of the Danube. Sun-bathing, let it be recorded, is no new thing, only we over here are some twenty years behind the Viennese in taking to it and in constructing organized bathing places other than at the seaside.

The fine restaurant attached to the "Strandbad" was crowded by bathers of both sexes, for mixed bathing was popular in Vienna and elsewhere on the Continent long ere it became fashionable in England. Most of them were eating ices, drinking iced coffee, for which Vienna is famous, or lager as their taste dictated. There was THE SPHERE, not only a recent but a current number, with other English papers. There was, we remember, a waiting list for the reversion of it. Indeed, two well-built girls in—for those days—somewhat exiguous costumes almost came to blows over it. But luckily it was not torn to pieces in the struggle.

Right—*At Sarajevo, birthplace of the war, where the old Turk ground coffee, "The Sphere" was encountered*

Right—*On the Adriatic coast, a Habsburg Palace possessed a copy of "The Sphere"*

THE SPHERE is frequently met with in Czecho-Slovakia and appreciated, for the Czechs are an artistic people and even the cheaper of their own illustrated papers—and they *are* cheap—are well produced. Of course, one expected to find it in the hotels and restaurants of Carlovy Vary (Carlsbad), Mariânské Lâznê (Marienbad), and at beautiful Pistany, where smart and leisured people congregate from all quarters of Europe and indeed almost of the globe. But we confess that we did not expect to find it on the table of the dimly-lit billiard-room of a little village hostelry—one could scarcely call it an hotel—in the Bohemian Forest region. Nor, perhaps, at Strbske Pleso, one of the most beautiful places in the republic, almost on the Polish frontier and thousands of feet up situated beside a lovely lake.

Left—*In Trieste Harbour a "Sphere" proved a life-saver, for it was used to plug the hole in a boat*

But here it was on the hotel reading-room table, and not more than a fortnight old!

Again (Italy this time), an old boatman sitting on the side of his boat, feet in the water of the azure Capri sea, was looking at the pictures, while the sluggish tide rippled in and gave an uneasy motion to the boat. How he came by the copy, save by the generosity of some tourist, one could not imagine.

We also found the paper where the Great War began—years before ever the dastardly deed that precipitated the conflict was done—in Sarajevo, that quaint, Turkish-looking town in far-off Bosnia. It was produced by a fellow traveller who had purchased it at Abbazia, that charming watering-place on the shores of the Gulf of Quarnero in the Adriatic. We looked at the paper while waiting in a little Turkish café, on the outskirts of Sarajevo, for our coffee, while we watched an old Turk grinding the fragrant berries in a primitive coffee-mill beneath the fig-trees in a courtyard, the rough floor of which was dappled with sunshine.

Again we met the paper on the beautiful coast of the Adriatic—this time in a mountain-side palace of the already tottering dynasty of the Habsburg monarchs. It was on the table of the private cabinet of the owner, spread out as though just read, and through the windows of the room one had a glorious vista of lovely gardens and the distant sea.

Many more occasions when we have found this newspaper in strange and unlikely places come to mind, but space permits of the recital of but one. This time it was in the Pyrenees, which stretched, grey and green, save where they were touched with a patch of gold as the sun gleamed through a rift in the clouds, to the horizon, where peaks reared their snowy heads or the Bay glimmered slatey-blue. On the top of the mountain on which we stood, watching the tumultuous approach of one of those thunderstorms for which the district is distinguished was a small *posada*, maintained mainly for the casual traveller and the equally casual peasant, and herein we found, tattered and torn, left months before by some errant English artist, a copy of THE SPHERE.

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, and resorts in all parts of the World by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

A GREAT DAY FOR THE CHILDREN: When the mobile thresher visits a farm all the neighbours, old and young, bear a hand—a gesture that is reciprocated when their farms are visited

ROADSIDE THRESHING

Done by the Picturesque Peasants of Brittany

The most picturesque of French provinces lives up to its reputation at Harvest-time. Most of the country is farmed by peasant proprietors who rely on a visit of a mobile thresher and the assistance of their neighbours

Left is a typical Breton peasant, in a characteristic cap, with a sackful of chaff

Right is a view of work in progress at St. Marcan

"ELEVENSES"! Cider (Brittany is as famous as Devonshire for the beverage) is served out at mid-morning to all workers on threshing day by the farmer's wife. Breton headgear is famous, but it is in the fishing ports one sees the finest starched caps

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

FURS *for* WINTRY DAYS

The pelts to be popular in the cold days to come

Furs by
Revillon Frères

IN YELLOW AND BLACK: A *chic* evening cloak in primrose velvet trimmed with black fox. The wide sleeves are lined with black satin

Pictures by Peter North

SLENDERNESS OF LINE: A coat of broadtail trimmed with Kamschatka beaver. The tailored treatment of the coat and the fitted waist-line give it *chic*

A BLENDING OF FURS: A smart jacket of beige pony skin effectively relieved by a collar of sable squirrel

During this week of London's dress parades one fact at least has firmly established itself—that is the universal popularity of fur for this season's fashions, both for long and short coats and as a trimming for tailor-mades.

The short coats predominate; we seem to prefer them this year to the longer ones, and certainly they are less expensive and much lighter to walk in. One attractive example is illustrated on this page; carried out in beige pony skin, it is finished with a collar of sable squirrel.

At a recent parade much feminine interest was aroused by a long coat upon which a clever combination of fur and cloth was demonstrated. The upper half of the coat, including the collar and three-quarters of the sleeve, was in Persian lamb, whilst the lower half was of tweed. Many variations of this coat were also shown, one of the most attractive of which was made of grey and black Persian lamb.

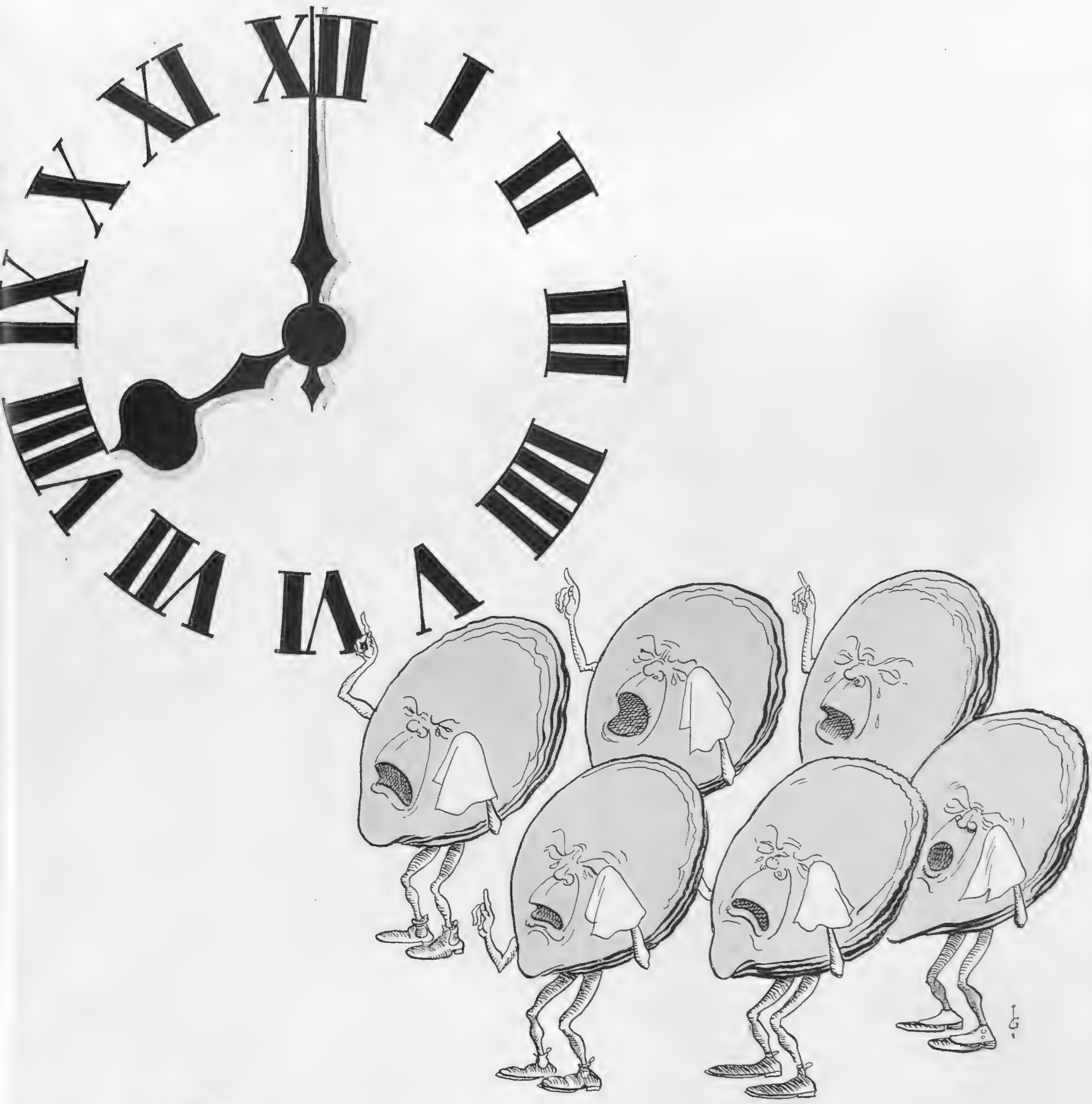
The sleeves of the coats are as varied as they are bulky—it seemed, watching this display, that no two pairs of sleeves were alike. But one point both short and long coats have in common is a broadness of shoulder and a slender-fitting waist-line. As to length, the long coats must either cover the dress or reach within 1 in. of the hem.

Fur necklets and scarves of a flat fur have definitely come to stay. The two-skin sable ties or fancy Golliack (a soft fur, as pliable as velvet) are perhaps the most *chic*. And then, of course, there is the reappearance of the muff to be considered. So far they seem to be more for ornament than for practical use.

Many cloth coats are trimmed with detachable fur necklets. This is a very economical practice, for they can be used for more than one garment. Other old friends that have crept back into favour are little tippets, the cape, and the short bolero.

A very attractive example of the evening cloak is given above. It is of primrose-coloured velvet, trimmed with black fox, and the sleeves, lined with black satin, give a striking contrast. The ankle-length dresses permit of great variety of evening coats, and the short hip-coats of three-quarter length, reaching within 20 in. of the hem-line, are very becoming and practical wear for after sunset.

Marjorie Day.



GUINNESS TIME

Cried the OYSTERS

G.E. 145 A.

ON FURNISHING a MUSIC ROOM: New Mediums Necessitate New Ideas

Music is the most modern of the arts, and a modern scheme of decoration and furnishing is therefore most appropriate for the music-room. Music can only be enjoyed to the full, whether as listener or interpreter, in comfort and amid beautiful surroundings. And modernistic furnishing perhaps comes nearest to music in its æsthetic effect.

The gramophone, that convincing proof of the co-relation between line or pattern and sound, will find a place in the great majority of modern music-rooms, and there are modern cabinets for the radio-gramophone which include compartments for the storage of records, and also a complete cocktail bar in the same piece of furniture. The pianoforte case must, of course, be designed on modern lines to harmonize with the room as a whole, and it should stand so that there is a good light coming over the left shoulder of the player.

From the point of view of comfort Chesterfield easy-chairs, and at least one settee or divan are essential to any music-room. This is not because we are becoming musically lazy, and would rather listen than play, but because when we *do* listen, complete physical relaxation enables us to derive very much more enjoyment from the "sequence of sweet sound." In this respect a music-room in the home has an advantage over even the best equipped concert hall. And as for standing, although an enthusiast will gladly endure the "Proms," no one can respond fully to music while standing erect with aching feet and back.

Moreover, some of the best music was especially composed not for the concert hall but to be played at home. And it can be enjoyed properly only in a home atmosphere, with restful furniture, a lovely colour scheme, and between whiles, the delights of conversation and coffee.

The interior selected for use as a music-room should be the loftiest available, for the higher the ceiling the better will be the acoustic properties of the room. Echo and similar undesirable effects occur most readily in low, rambling apartments, especially with open-beamed ceilings.

Heavy curtains and deep pile carpets should be used sparingly, for they are too absorbent of sound; they have a muffling effect, robbing the tone of sparkle and crispness. For the same reason it would not be advisable to have the walls covered with fabric, as is sometines done in modern interiors.

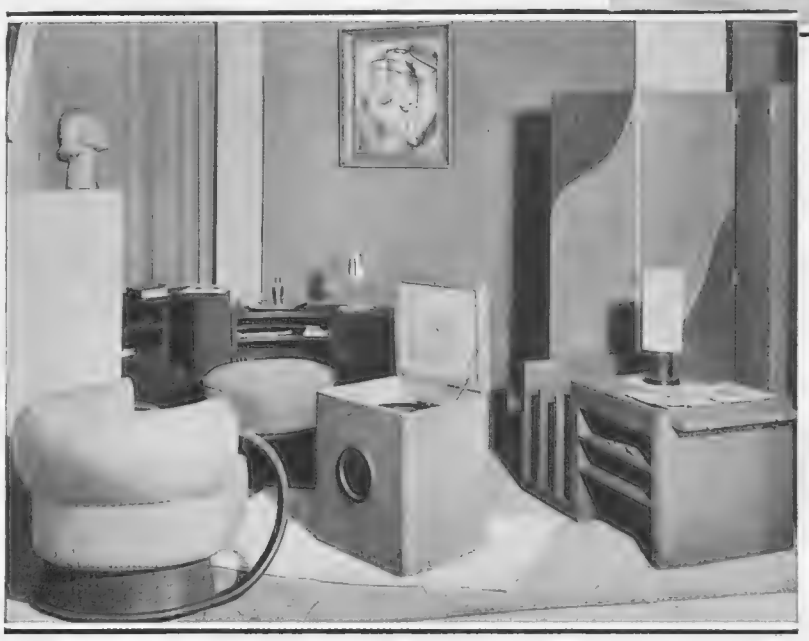
On the other hand, a very resistant material, such as metal-faced plywood, would probably produce echoes and make the tone of the music hard. Floors, walls, and ceiling should be covered with material just sufficiently absorbent of sound to produce a soft tone without echoes. Rugs over a parquet floor are better than a fitted carpet, and wood panelling and ordinary plaster, painted or distempered, are quite good. For concert halls there is a special acoustic plaster which is now frequently used, but for a home of ordinary size this may scarcely be considered necessary. If the music room is likely to cause disturbance to the rest of the household the walls may be lined with sound-proof composition boarding faced with plaster. Above all, the general impression created by the music-room must be one of spaciousness and simplicity. Anything fussy or the opposite of reposeful would be very definitely out of place.

Baseden Butt.

THE MODERN MUSIC-ROOM: Loftiness of ceiling, resilient, but not over-resistant walls, and plenty of light, natural or artificial, are necessary for a well-conceived apartment

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

QUARTETTE TABLE: A skilfully designed piece in the modern manner created by R. Lorenz



IN BLUE, BEIGE, AND SILVER: A boudoir by Dim. The upholstered furniture has metal arms and bases lacquered blue, while the gramophone cabinet has a silver finish

MICHAELMAS—III

Things to Remember When One is Fixing Final Details with the Builder and Decorator

By One Who Has Just Moved

The day of St. Michael and the geese is here—the fatal 29th—when your old lease ceases and you technically become the possessor of a new house. Of course, the chances are a hundred to one that you are not yet the actual possessor. You are just getting down to hard facts with your builder and decorator; you now know, more or less, what you want and what you can afford. The preliminary estimates have given you some lurid light on the latter part of the situation. Some things you considered vital have gone. That delicious little music-room which would have solved so much in the realm of domestic harmony has gone, and the waxed-oak furnishing was so delicious. The rest of the rooms have shaken down into their places—financially—and all seems clear.

"—— *I think we could agree to that estimate now dear, don't you?*"

No, not yet. Looking over your shoulder, I see that a good many minor points are not provided for. Let experience speak. Imagine all the initial clearing away of previous tenants' rubbish, and your new rooms looking heavenly in their new colour schemes—simple, airy, and healthy. For you have been sensible and have literally washed away the old air of the house.

You are leaving the house after one of your daily inspections. You think you will lock this room as you have already had a delivery of furniture.

"—— *Of course, they would send it days before it's wanted.*"

You find the lock will not work. It's glued in with paint. You hurriedly try other doors. There are no keys in these two at all. You rush downstairs. The handle of the drawing-room door rocks loosely—horrid. It seems as if it would come off in your hand. It doesn't, but you feel that it will with the next person who uses it.

The back door, too, looks very insecure. Heavens, its bolts are no good at all—anyone could force their way in here. You push up a window to see if a burglar could get up easily on to that penthouse roof, or rather you try to. The window will not move. The catch at the top is as old as the hills.

It's getting dark now, and you would like to get some light on this little table.

"—— *Oh, here's the very thing. Let's plug in this lamp.*"

A bright idea. You try to fit the two little metal projections into the holes of the lighting plugs on the skirting. No use. They won't fit. You rush all over the house—it's of no avail. Your charming little lamp will fit none of your lighting plugs in any of the rooms in which you want light. You find to your chagrin that fitting lamps to plugs is not so simple a matter as it seems. There are different kinds of plugs—you will become temporarily learned in these, and the more you know of prices the easier your way will be. The absolute necessity of having special switches in your bathroom—brown looking things instead of metal or earthenware—will have no terrors when you find that the difference in price is a matter of pence. But one does not learn these things all at once. You learn as you go along.

All over the house there seem to be heaps of little things which won't work. See that they are made to operate properly before you come into your new home and save yourself a whole heap of worry.

LITTLE THINGS WHICH MUST BE LOOKED AFTER IN YOUR BUILDER'S ESTIMATE

(1) All doors, bolts, locks, and handles to work efficiently

(2) All windows to open and shut properly—sash cords to be renewed

(3) All electric light switches and plugs to function—Bakelite switches for bathrooms

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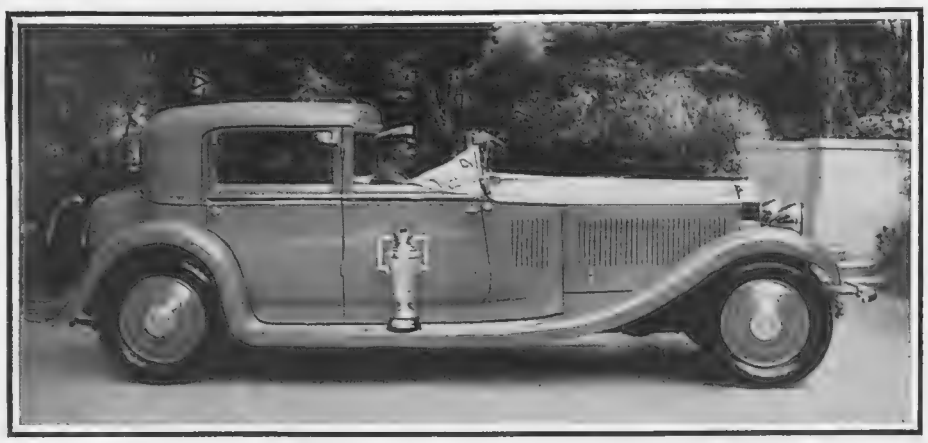
The PETROL World

By A. Percy Bradley

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

THE VALUE OF SPEED.—Now that the Schneider Trophy has been won for Great Britain and the 500 Miles Race which is the fastest motor race in existence is to be run in a week, I must once again touch on this question of the value of speed contests. This year there has been more argument than ever before on the subject, and we have had such eminent figures in the motor industry as Sir William Morris and Sir Herbert Austin giving their views for us motorists to digest. Sir William Morris took up the cudgels against motor-racing and track experience in general, but his words had scarcely appeared in print when a special edition of the £100 Morris Minor came down from the factory and very creditably covered a mile and kilometre at a speed in excess of 100 m.p.h. When this car came down to Brooklands I must say I came to the conclusion that Sir William really intended to pull our legs, because he obviously must believe in speed not only for the purpose of test, but for the purpose of advertisement otherwise that special Morris Minor would not have been seen on the track. There are, of course, many people who quite seriously consider that all money and time spent in the world of motor-racing is wasted, and so for their benefit I would like to quote some words recently uttered by Mr. A. F. Sidgreaves, the managing director of Rolls-Royce, Ltd. He said the other day, "As a result of a test this year all the main components of these engines have undergone a definite improvement, and in consequence the life of the standard engine in service will be much longer than it would otherwise have been. From the development point of view the Schneider Trophy contest is almost an economy, because it saves so much time in arriving at certain technical improvements. It is not too much to say that research for the Schneider Trophy contests over the past two years is what our aero-engine department would otherwise have taken six or ten years to learn." I really think that the managing director of Rolls-Royce, Ltd., is a person whom we must take seriously. After all, his firm produce the goods to such an extent that their products both in the air and on the land are supreme and unchallengable by any other nation.



THE FAIREST OF THEM ALL: A special Barker Sedanca de Ville on a 40/50-h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis which won the Grand Prix d'Honneur at the Juan-les-Pins Concours d'Elégance. The exterior is cellulosed in pale green with head leather coloured to match the painting

THE DAZZLE QUESTION.—The Royal Automobile Club held their anti-dazzle demonstration at Cambridge last week. In my opinion the demonstration was very similar to those which have been previously organized by the R.A.C. inasmuch as nothing new having any practical value was seen. Unfortunately a very large number of people imagine that the production of the anti-dazzle head-lamp is a simple matter, and so every year the Patent Office is flooded out with specifications emanating from these enthusiastic but misguided inventors.

It is obvious to any motorist who takes the trouble to examine in a practical way these many attempts to solve what is a difficult problem that the inventor has, in nine cases out of ten, produced an excellent anti-dazzle head-lamp but has completely forgotten that a motorist requires a certain amount of illumination to show him his way in the dark. In other words anyone could produce practically the same result by fitting a couple of candle-lamps on the front dumb-irons. These would not dazzle anyone but, of course, the driver behind them would probably sit down by the road-side and weep. I am afraid that any head-lamp which gives sufficient illumination to allow the car to be driven at speeds up to 50 m.p.h. during the hours of darkness must of necessity dazzle other road users. The only way to mitigate the nuisance is to dip the lights and to reduce speed accordingly. Messrs. Barker and Lucas both adopt this practice though they obtain their effects by different methods, and I have yet to come across any other device which is as simple and which does the job as effectively.

The Americans appear to favour a head-lamp which gives a flat top to the beam, but although I have tried on many occasions to adapt myself to driving with such lamps I have never succeeded in feeling really safe. I think they are wrong because if the road is absolutely deserted I can see no reason why really powerful lamps should not be used, provided, of course, that the moment anyone is inconvenienced they are dipped.

PANIC. — There are quite a number of people who seem to lose a fair proportion of their normal common sense when driving a car at night. I frequently meet motorists who, when coming round a corner see my head-lamps lit up, but actually in their dim state. The owner of the car approaching frequently becomes hot and bothered, and switches his head-lamps on and off presumably with the idea of making me dip or dim those on my car. Had he met my car first of all with the head-lamps full on, and then have observed the change in their power when I touched the dimming switch, I feel convinced that the head-lamps opposite me would not have been switched off and on as if manipulated by a maniac.

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There is almost magic in the name "Rolls-Royce"—as there is almost magic in the car. For there is built into every Rolls-Royce quality which the whole world has tried in vain to equal.
What oil shall serve "The Best Car in the World"? Rolls-Royce Ltd. choose Castrol—and who, on such a subject, is better able to judge?
Yet Castrol costs no more than lesser oils. Therefore, let it preserve your car, for to you, yours is "the most important car in the world."

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Such cars as *this* await your verdict at your local Standard dealer!

The "Little Nine" from £145, *the "Big Nine" from* £195,
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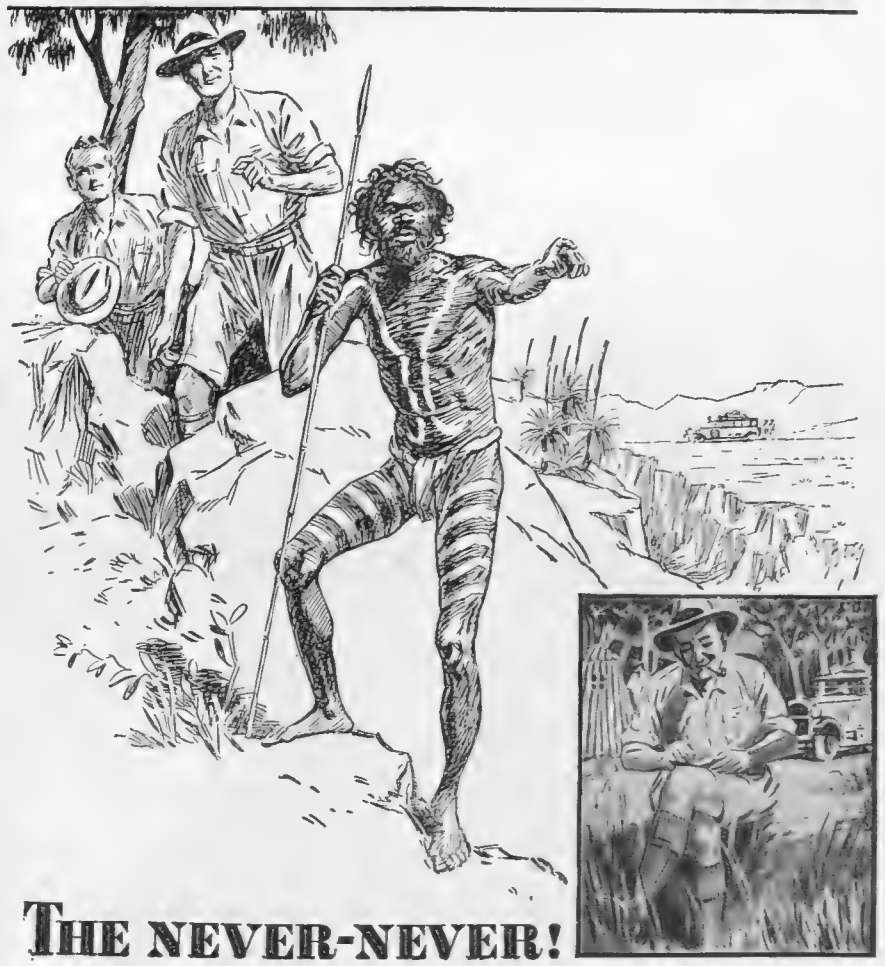
DIARY OF A MAN ABOUT AUSTRALIA



THE NEVER-NEVER!

"Who said Central and North Australia were arid desert? Parts are dry and sandy, but we never had such a time in our lives as from Adelaide right up here . . . . That pioneer feeling 'where white foot never trod' and all that. Alice Springs, Palm Valley, Newcastle Waters, Lagoon of Milk, and now Mataranka homestead. All in comfort, seven-seater cars, mattressed sleeping bags, tents, cooks and what not . . . . Just had a plunge in some hot springs. Tomorrow we join main camp to shoot alligators and buffalo, and fish in Roper River . . . . Last night saw an aboriginal corroboree round camp fire. Weirdest and most impressive thing ever. These blacks are still in the stone age but mighty helpful in fishing and shooting . . . . Shot wild dingoes by spotlight afterwards, then danced to wireless up at the homestead . . . . Jim too thrilled to talk much. North Australian winter climate is just glorious. Resolved: come here again next year . . ."

AUSTRALIA

Illustrated brochures will be gladly sent by the Australian National Travel Association, Grand Bldgs., Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. (or 114 Sansome St., San Francisco, U.S.A.). Shipping Companies or travel agencies will arrange bookings.

GARDEN NOTES for AUTUMN

The keen gardener, the most confirmed optimist in the world, is now revelling in perfect weather for the autumn work. And from now till the end of the year he need never have an idle moment. He has probably made out his plans for next year, and ordered his bulbs and plants; now is the time to carry out those new colour schemes he has so carefully thought out.

The soil is warm and moist, and in the beds he does not mean to re-dig and re-plant this autumn he can now move the Spring flowers into their permanent quarters, forgetmenots, violas, aubretias, saxifrages, arabis, double daisies, white, red, and pink, especially the lovely little Dresden China pink one, the polyanthuses that were divided up some time ago, all are ready to be placed with clumps of the spring bulbs, crocus, snowdrop, dog's tooth violet, scilla, chionodoxa, to ensure a continuous mass of colour at the edges of the beds; while, of the taller bulbs, daffodils can be put in any time now, as well as the meadow fritillaries, crown imperials, and the tall eremurus (this last at the very back of the border, as it grows sometimes to 10 ft.), and some of the hardier lilies. It is, however, more necessary than usual this year thoroughly to dig and overhaul the borders, as the growth of weeds has been enormous, and only deep digging will uproot them. But it is too early for that, since the beds are still gay with phlox and snapdragon, marigold and montbretia and sunflowers, asters and michaelmas daisies, dahlias and tobacco plants. Roses are in their full second bloom, chrysanthemums in their prime, and the Chinese gentian a mass of blue in the rock garden.

This last suffered severely last winter and no time should be lost in filling the gaps. This too is the time for planting a bog or water garden, the ground for which should have been already prepared. Some irises, as kœmpferi and siberica like damp, as well as spireas, lobelia cardinalis, cypripediums, trollius, some of the primulas such as japonica and rosea, mimulus, and funkias, day lilies, orchis foliosa, and many others easy to grow. Bamboos like water only in summer, but must be dry in winter. Before the end of the month all the less hardy plants, like begonias, pelargoniums, and heliotrope, must be taken up or covered up, as well as such things as tigridias, which must be kept cool and dry till March. On the other hand the bulbs of the lovely ornithogalium pyramidale, which will now be ripened, should be replanted now.

A curious fact about lilies of all sorts is that they thrive best in a soil full of the roots of trees and shrubs. This should be borne in mind by those who have failed with them in the ordinary border. Cuttings of many plants can still be taken in frames or greenhouses. For those contemplating new herbaceous borders, it is well to remember to make room for such shrubs as rosemary, the dwarf and taller lavenders, cistuses, some of the veronicas, yuccas, and German irises to vary the design, and hide gaps in early flowering plants, and to maintain interest throughout the winter.

Among these shrubs, gladioli, tulips, camassia esculenta, Spanish irises and montbretias should be planted by way of contrast. A background can very quickly be made by the evergreen Japanese honeysuckle. New roses should be ordered now, if this has not already been done, as the best plants are secured early. It is always worth while buying from well-known growers. Among the newer roses, Dazla is one of the best, semi-double large flowers of orange scarlet, with dark-green foliage, and very strong and hardy. In the vegetable garden constant hoeing must be done, weeds and rubbish burnt, and any vacant spaces rough dug and left for the frost to break up.

Rhubarb for forcing in sheds must be dug up and exposed to a frost or two before replanting and covering with mould and manure; if well watered they will begin to grow at once.

M. Headlam

HUMAN into BEAST:

A Frank Exposé of the French Penal Settlement off Guiana

(Continued from p. 457)

to drag on from year's end to year's end utterly ignored.

Black troops guard the convicts at every step and shoot at the slightest sign of anything unusual, and another is "for the bamboos" (grave). Scores of suicides occur each year. And not a few executions, on the eve of which the other convicts acquaint the condemned man of what the morrow holds by singing a death chant, the jargon of which conveys, "If you have anything to say or do, now is the time."

A word or two about the capital, Cayenne, before going on to St. Laurent. The non-convict population of French Guiana numbers only 25,000, of which 2,000 are Europeans and a good many Chinese—these being the storekepeers and café and brothel owners. Frenchwomen are no longer sent out to the colony. That was stopped years ago. There are no women now except half-castes for the soldiery. And the aloof families of officialdom. Behold the wives and daughters trying to look as Parisienne as possible, all trussed up and high-heeled in the appalling moist heat, on the quayside on mail days. For everything is most stiff and formal in Cayenne society, even to *le frac* for *gouters*. As likely as not the hostesses have murderers as their servants handing round the *gateaux*. They all prefer to take convict labour because it is free and some of the convicts, snapped up in time, can be good-looking, intelligent, smart. They are called *garçons de famille*, and it is a minor tragedy of *bagne* that their employment prevents the poor *libéré* getting a job at all. The housewives and big ladies would have to pay for *libérés*. For the rest, it rains solidly for seven months in the year, when the stench from the jungle swamp is permanently nauseating.

St. Laurent itself is considerably worse even than Cayenne, 100 miles away. It swarms with abject *libérés* who spend every *sou* they can beg, steal or earn, on a fierce local spirit or on cocaine. Drug-taking is general among the soldiery and warders no less than the damned ones. The thieving and burglary, by the way, reaches dizzy heights. The *relégués* of St. Jean live by it and they ooze through the swamp o' nights right up to the very night-tables of sleeping officials. There is nothing that is not stolen, and the Chinese, dug in here as at Cayenne, are the receivers. They are absolutely trusted by the felon fraternity, which also gives them its money to keep "in trust," and if a man die the money finds its way back to his family in France.

About the only decent thing money is spent on is the cinema; every *libéré* and *relégué* puts one franc aside each week for the latest film; and it is on record that their mirth can be positively unseemly at the clumsiness of some American law-breaking films.

Well, that is about all. I asked at the League the other day whether anything was being done about *bagne*, and received the expected reply that it was out of the question: this was not mandated but sovereign territory. The clear duty is progressively to wind up this fearful survival whose principal props are forty different kinds of *ersatz* absinthe in France and revolvers for everybody.

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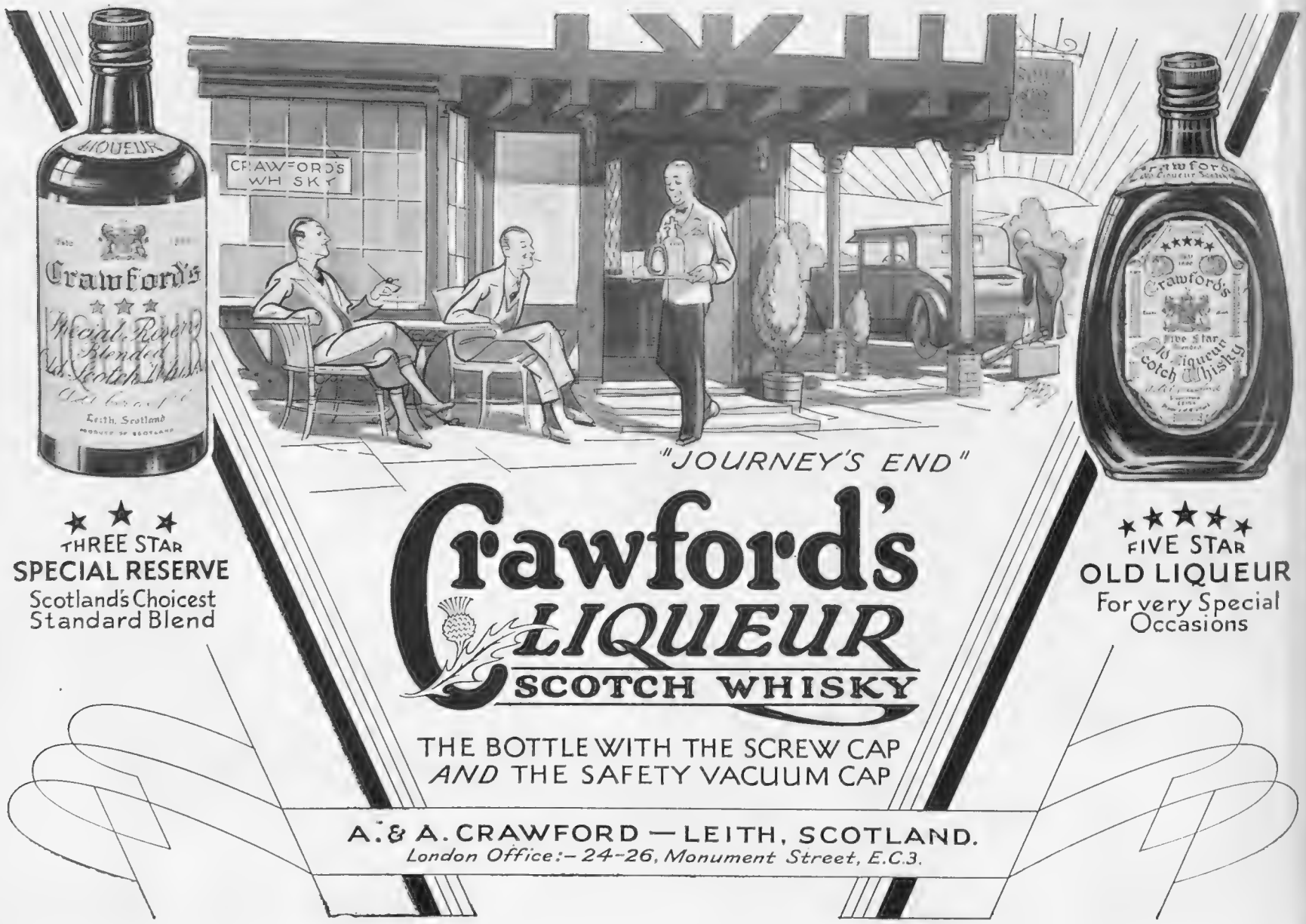

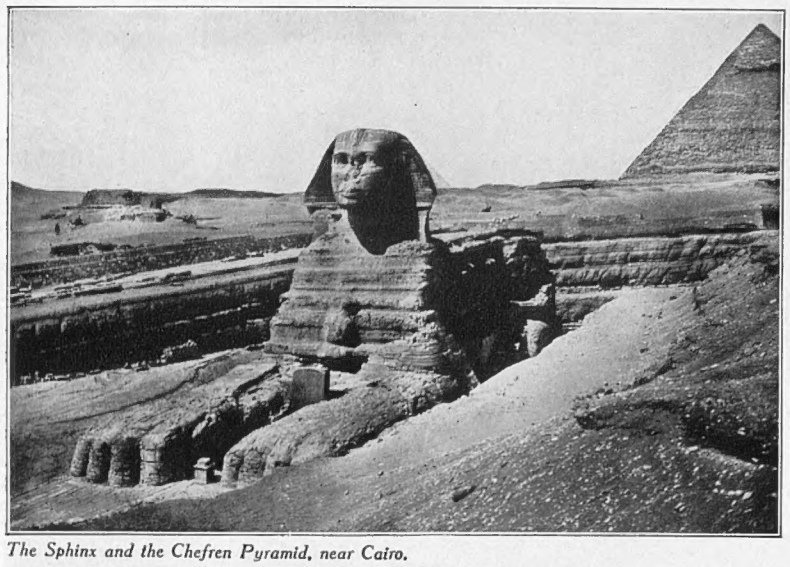

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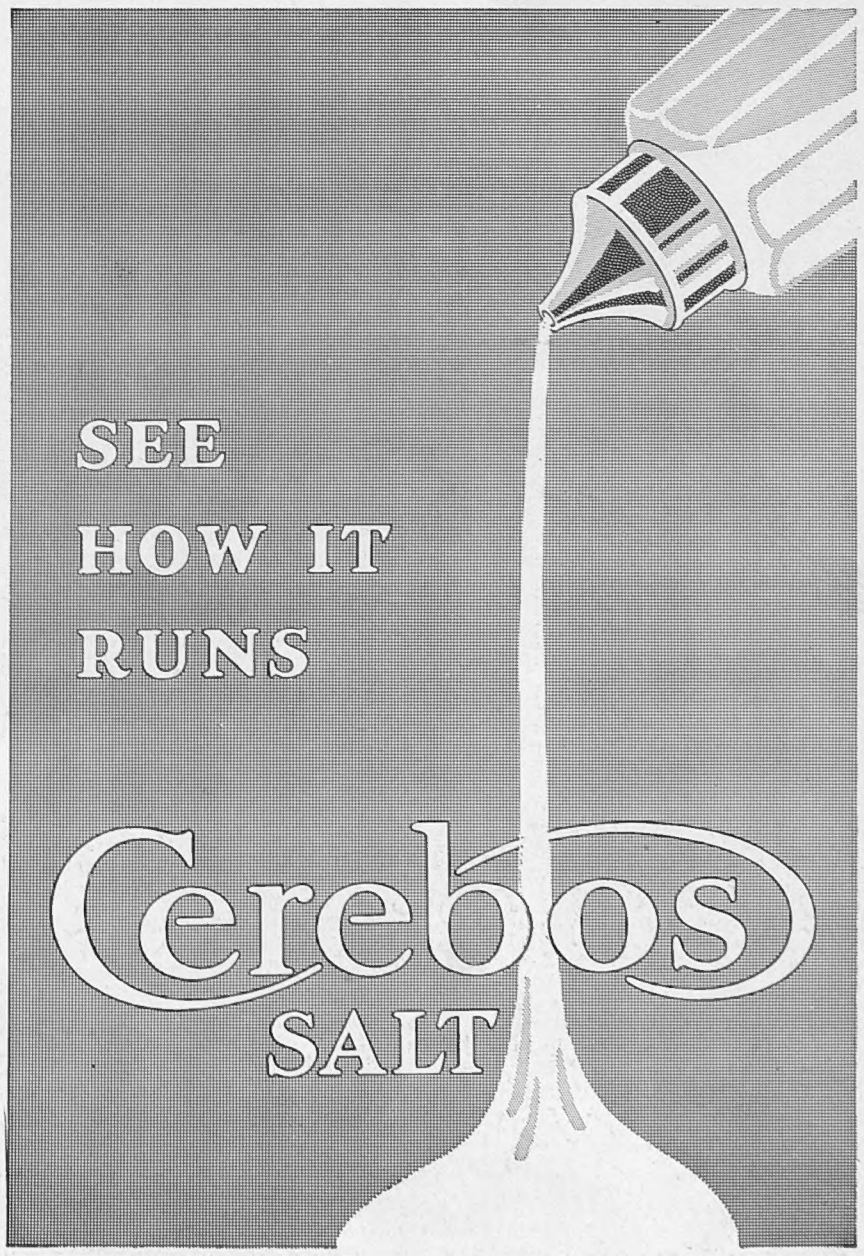

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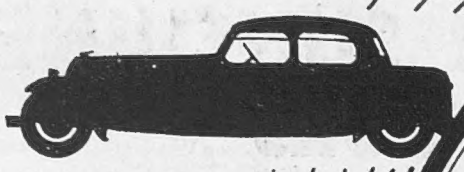

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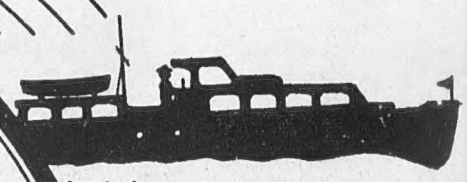

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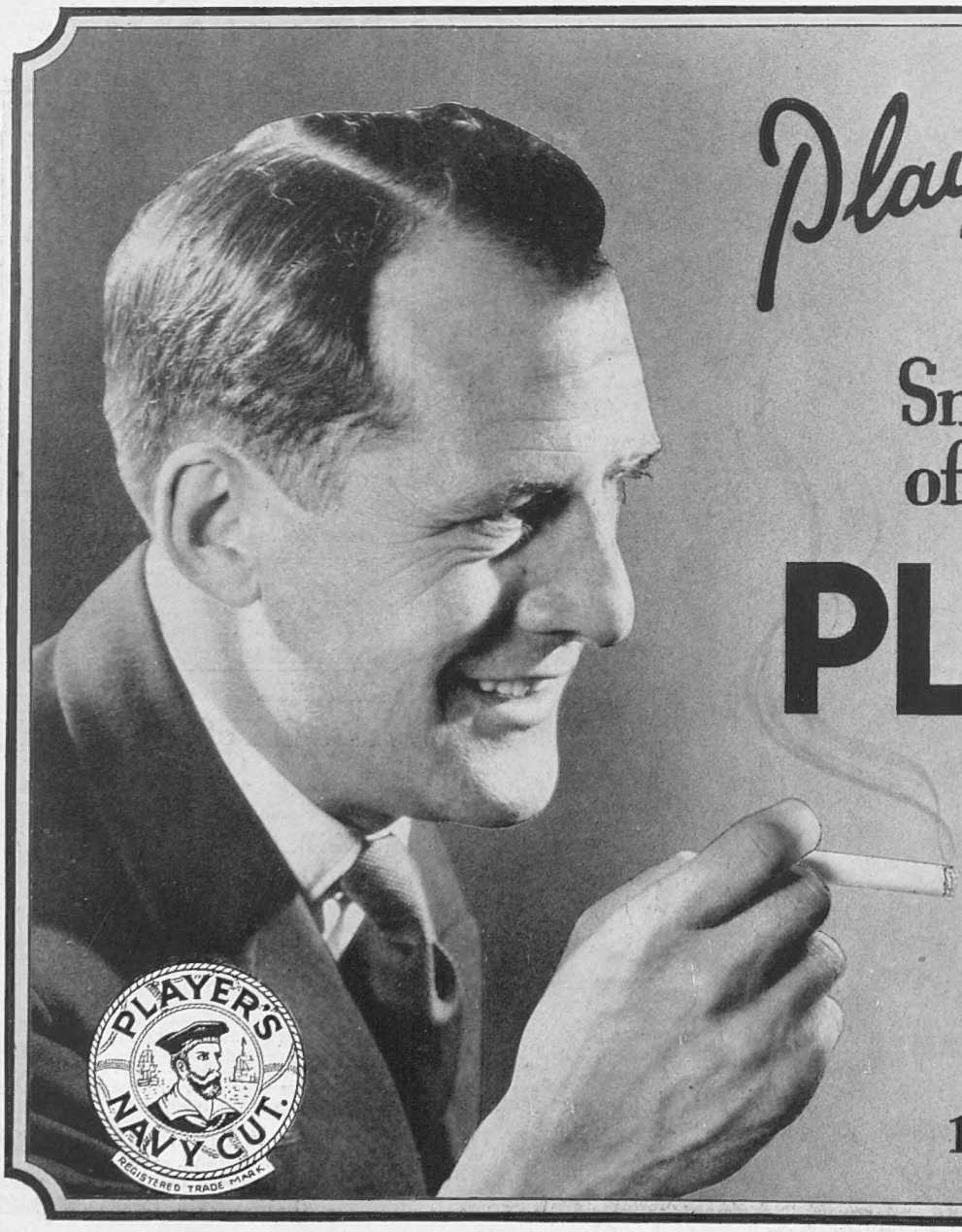

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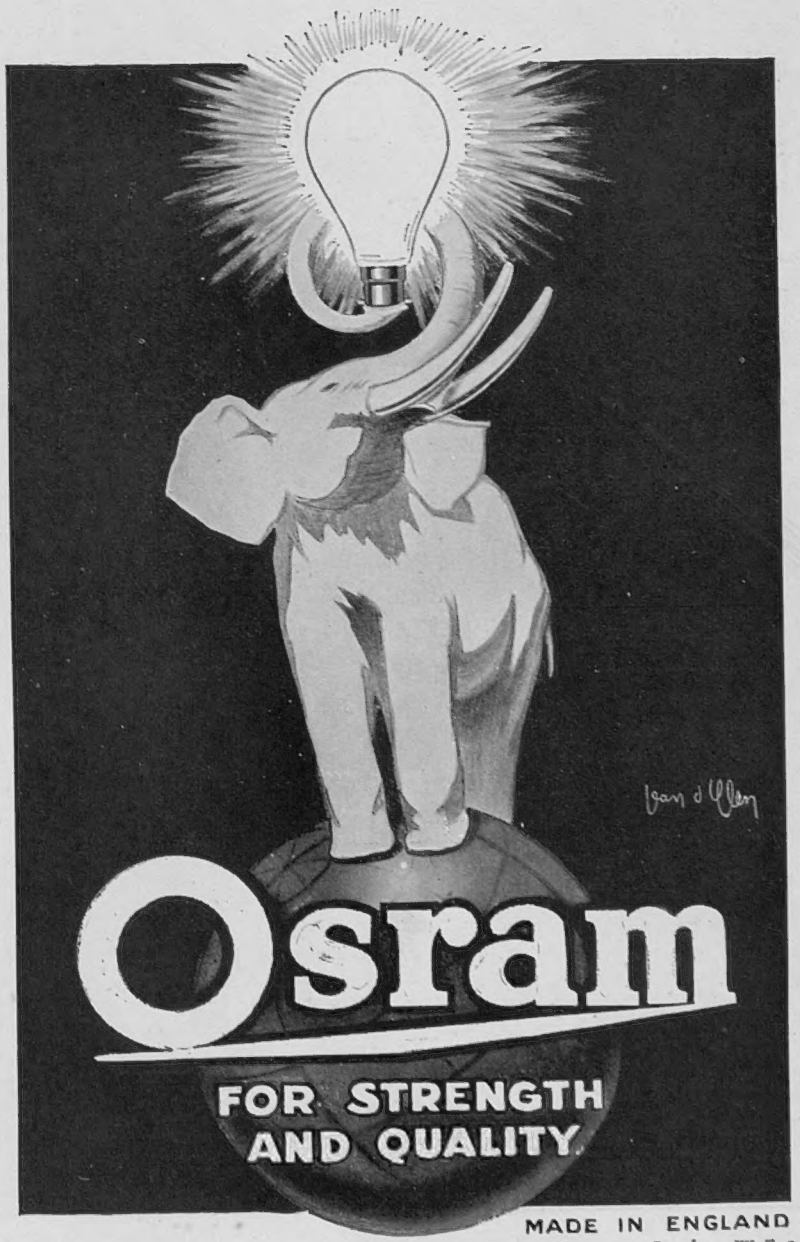

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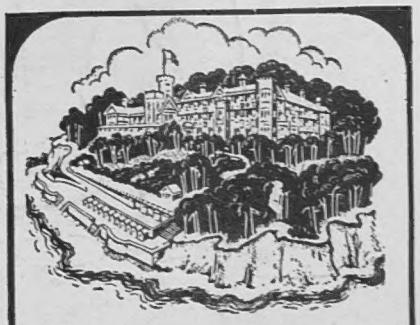

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